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THE

P O E M S

OF

J. O. T. [✓]*erry.*

CONSISTING OF

SONGS, SATIRE AND PASTORAL DESCRIPTIONS,

CHIEFLY DEPICTING THE SCENERY, AND ILLUSTRATING THE
MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE ANCIENT AND
PRESENT INHABITANTS OF LONG-ISLAND.

NEW-YORK :

GEORGE F. NESBITT, PRINTER,
Corner Wall and Water Streets.

1850.

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J. O. TERRY,
in the Office of the Clerk of the United States District Court
for the Southern District of New-York.



DEDICATION.

TO THADDEUS B. GLOVER, Esq.

SIR :—The high in station, and the rich, may smile at the selection made in this dedication ; it has been too much the custom for obsequious authors, to elevate to undeserved notoriety the titled and the wealthy. I have, therefore, in associating your name with this performance, taken the liberty to deviate from this practice, by substituting true merit for factitious eminence. The lofty qualities, and generous sentiments which adorn your character, constitute the only true nobility, and the only one that ought to be the pride of an American citizen.

That you may ever meet with the good fortune you deserve, is the ardent wish and prayer of your friend,

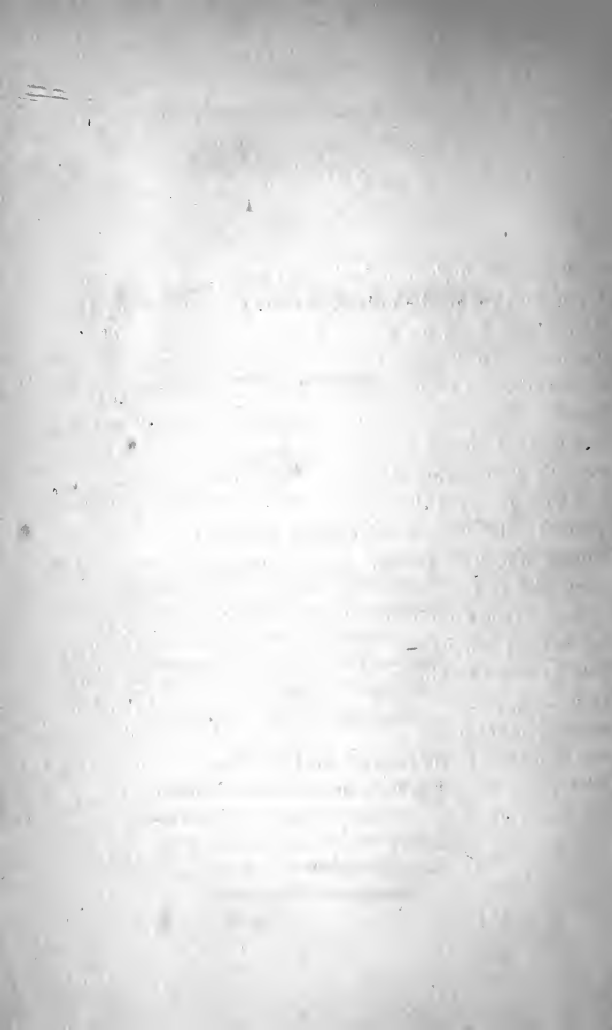
THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E .

WHEN an unknown individual presumes to become an author, the public unjustly expect something very extraordinary from his pen, to balance the account of his obscurity; he therefore sees before him the unreasonable disappointment of unwarranted hopes and defeated expectations. He also labors under the double disadvantage of being considered a pretender in Authorship, and *a coxcomb in Literature. Aware of these facts, the subscriber has long deferred the publication of his book; but the earnest solicitations of his friends, and the uncertainty of human life, have induced him at last to surrender his opposition to their wishes.

He does not anticipate either fame or immortality from his verses; but it has been the leading motive of his life, that he might be able to produce some moral or sentiment, or discover some beauty or truth that might embalm his memory in the hearts of his countrymen. Wishing liberty and happiness to the land of his birth, and to all men, he with great diffidence begs the perusal and indulgence of his fellow-citizens.

JOHN ORVILLE TERRY.



THE POEMS

OF

JOHN ORVILLE TERRY.

SONGS.

PEACE OF MIND.

COME peace of mind, thou angel guest,
Within this bosom build thy nest—

O! thou art welcome here ;
Full many a long and darksome mile
I wandered ere I met thy smile,
Through many a gloomy year.

Oft, when the sky was overcast,
I said—"and shall we meet at last,
Where skies are bright and clear ;
And far remote from human woes,
Lie pillowed in sweet repose—
No sorrow lurking near ?"

I've sailed life's troubled waters o'er,
But since I've found a peaceful shore
And a companion dear,
I'll sail no more its stormy sea,
But end my life all tranquilly,
And banish every fear.

I'll tread no more a thorny road,
But seek a downy, blest abode,
Within a humble sphere ;
Come, peace of mind, and be my guest,
In this lone bosom build thy nest—
For thou art welcome here.

THE HAPPY MAN.

WHERE lives the man supremely blest,
Whose conscience and whose mind at rest,
Makes life a round
Of pleasure, cheerfulness and joy—
Whose waking hours know no alloy—
Who sleeps profound.

'Tis not in palaces I ween
This child of happiness is seen—
Nor splendor's car ;
Nor is it on the gorgeous throne
Where power sits trembling and alone,
A dazzling star.

Nor yet amid the flowery band,
That wealth supplies with bounteous hand ;
 For what are they
Who flutter in the golden sea
And sunshine of prosperity ?
 But gilded clay.

Nor is it in the gaudy train
Of wanton pleasure, he is fain
 To pass his hours ;
He knows remorse a dismal fiend,
Doth on her midnight steps attend,
 And steals her flowers.

Nor is it in the knightly ring,
He stands a stiff and courtly thing,
 Ready to fall
A prostrate victim to the nod
Of proud ambition, and his God
 Defy, and all.

Nor is it in the stately throng
Where senates their huzzas prolong
 With loud acclaim,
To hear some wordy veteran
Tear and traduce his fellow man—
 We find his name.

But all unknown and unadmired,
He lives within an old, retired,
 Thatched cottage, low ;
Sequestered there, he lives obscure,
Alone, all passionless and pure ;—
 I've seen, and know.

CONTENTMENT.

THERE'S many a good fellow, kind-hearted and hale, O,
Who lives in a cottage as humble as mine,
Contented with little, his rags and his victual,—
For the wealth of the great, you'll ne'er hear him repine,

There's he with the shilling, who's never unwilling
To part with his all to a friend in distress ;
The prince and his pageant, with millions his agent,
Has not more than he the sweet pleasure to bless.

The gold-grasping miser is never the wiser,
For all his possessions—he'd better have none ;
For the cares and the crosses, vexations and losses
Of wealth, its possession can never atone.

The man to his daily employment goes gayly,
Whose children enjoy the fruits of his toil ;
If lowly his station, the small compensation
Is met at his door, with a greeting and smile.

My cot, be it lowly, belongs to me solely—
The orchard behind it, the garden before,
The acre around it, the flowers that bound it
Are mine, and mine only ;—I wish for no more.

FIRST LOVE.

How beautiful the past appears,
The fairy scenes of bygone years—

The happy smiles and joyful tears,—
The loves, and hopes, and e'en the fears ;
They bring that blissful day to me,
When first I met and loved thee,
I thought it heaven !—and thy divine
Image an angel's, Caroline.

A world of bliss I then beheld—
My fancy flew, my reason reeled—
I revelled in thy beauty's blaze,
Content to wonder and to gaze ;
One thought alone my mind possessed,
And one deep feeling swayed my breast ;
It was to bow before thy shrine,
And to adore thee—Caroline.

How often have I sought the wood,
And there in lonely solitude,
Told to the singing birds the flame
Raised by the elysium of thy name.
As I repeated it around,
They seemed enamored of the sound,
And mingled their complaints with mine,
'Twas Caroline, sweet Caroline.

Those days have passed away, but still
That name will make my bosom thrill ;
Th' impression on my heart remains,
And day by day the deeper gains ;
Some deep enchantment love hath wound,
And to thine own my heart-strings bound ;
Whate'er my fate 'tis linked to thine,
My Caroline, dear Caroline.

THE QUID OF TOBACCO.

(Song by a Sailor.)

WHEN nature is rife, with tempestuous strife,
That comes like a thief through each crack-O,
How pleasant to sit, and regale upon wit,
And a sweet scented quid of tobacco.

When morning awakes from her sleep, and forsakes
Her couch, which the night made so black-O,
What joy 'tis to feel, each pocket reveal
To the touch, a soft quid of tobacco.

When fortune doth frown, I sit myself down,
And contentedly toss off my sack-O,
The ills we can't cure, we must learn to endure
With a laugh, and a quid of tobacco.

My wife she is fair, beyond thought or compare,
But sometimes she rattles her clack-O,
It is then I straightway, her blarney belay
With a twist of my pig-tail tobacco.

Men may swelter and broil, and labor and toil,
And call me a lazy old slack-O,
I care not a whit, while I loll and I spit
The sweet juice of my quid of tobacco.

Let the lovers of fame, or of money—their aim
Pursue on life's slippery track-O,
With the care goaded crew, I'll have nothing to do
But find both, in my quid of tobacco.

For place or for pelf, each pitiful elf
His brains or his bones he may rack-O,
I care not a fig, for loco or whig,
While my cheek holds a quid of tobacco.

O! what horrors and woe I feel here below,
When my pockets all weedless I shake-O,
I had rather be whipped, hanged, beheaded, or shipped,
Than deprived of my quid of tobacco.

And when death shall appear with his pall and his bier,
I tell him quite happy, here's Jack-O;
Then I'll take my last chew and go off in a whew,
With my last poor quid of tobacco.

THE MOTHER.

How calmly and serene they die,
Who have performed their duty here,
How beautiful their evening sky,
And to fond memory how dear.

Like suns that o'er a world of green,
Send their departing peaceful rays,
So gilding each domestic scene
With blessings—thus they end their days.

Their lives present a moral page,
Without a blot, without a stain,
From youth to all-devouring age,
We read, and read it o'er again.

How sweet the pleasure that recalls
Acquaintance that have done so well,
That fancies them within the halls
Of peace, where once they loved to dwell.

A mother, whose engraven deeds
Of love, and sympathy, and care,
Brighten the heart as time recedes,
And sanctify the memories there.

A mother, who when grief, and woe,
And sickness came, and fell alarm,
With tender words could always throw
Over the mind a tranquil charm.

A mother, when a cloud came o'er
The sunshine of each friendly eye,
When all the world an aspect wore,
Of stern and deep hostility,

Her sweet divinity of love;
The inspiration of her smile,
All apprehension could remove,
All tears and sorrow could beguile.

And such was ours, mild as the beams
Reposing on the moonlit air,
So on her dying couch she seems
Still lifting up her eyes in prayer.

BABYLON.

OH, Babylon ! oh, Babylon !
The glorious city of the sun,
The wonder of the past !
The splendor of thy name alone,
Is left of all the world has known,
Thy city great and vast.

Thy hanging gardens, and thy walls,
Thy fountains, and thy waterfalls,
Pillar, and palisade ;
Sunk in oblivion's shoreless sea,
Is all their fame and history
Who their foundations laid.

Where Belus reigned, and Babel stood,
The centre of a world subdued,
Thy solitary stone,
A sad memento of the past,
Stands bowed amid the dreary waste,
With mosses overgrown.

Thy walls that stood defying time,
In proud magnificence sublime,
Around their site are hurled ;
How melancholy 'tis to know
A few short ages bring so low,
A wonder of the world.

The fairest city time can boast,
The most stupendous, and the most
Enriched by wealth and toil,

That did in glory's light excel ;
Where is it ? let thy waters tell,
Euphrates or the Nile.

It shines no more, no longer shine
Its honors earthly or divine,
Time hath his vict'ry won ;
Dire desolation treads the ground,
And fell destruction stalks around,
O'er fallen Babylon.

MY FATHER'S COTTAGE.

I SAW my father's cottage door,
A little distance from the shore,
As I laid down my dripping oar,
Just at the twilight gloaming ;
How beautiful the trees arose,
Over that scene of sweet repose,
Where first my childhood plucked the rose,
When I returned from roaming.

It stood upon a meadow green,
All unambitious to be seen,
That cottage old, gray and serene,
Its owner's meekness proving ;
No ostentation there betrayed,
That pride had e'er an inroad made,
In that bird-singing, haunted shade,
When I returned from roving.

Alone, half-hidden from the road,
A stream of fragrance round it flowed,
My aged parent's sweet abode,
 Moss-covered, unpretending ;
Altho' so poor, retired and old,
A heart beat in its ample fold,
Richer than mines of precious gold,
 The humble poor befriending.

How beautiful the parting ray,
Of the descending orb of day,
Shone on its rustic roof of gray,
 Gilding the trees around it ;
Just as I left it, old and rude,
With anguished eyes, with tears subdued,
In all its blissful solitude,
 Again returned—I found it.

I blest it in my youthful heart,
So free from ornament and art,
For well I knew its counterpart
 Lived in the happy dwelling ;
That modest worth and sweet content,
Adorned that lowly tenement,
And round its sacred precincts blent,
 The hues of human feeling.

VIRTUOUS OLD AGE.

WEARY with life's incessant toil,
Tired nature seeks repose ;
The flowers that grow upon the soil,
That cheered its labor and turmoil,
The violet and the rose,
Shall cease to charm when age comes on,
And sight grows dim, and strength is gone.

When strong ambition fails to move
The lever of the soul,
And all the springs of joy and love
So faintly vibrate, as to prove
Life's burthen near its goal,
The sufferer with a cheerful face,
Serenely seeks his resting place.

Why should the pilgrim of the earth,
Whose drink has been his tears,
Whose food but misery from his birth,
And all unknown his humble worth,
Seek to prolong his years ;
Or view with sadness or dismay,
Life's taper's last expiring ray.

He that in virtue's path has trod,
To others shone the way,
If through his life he bore a load,
Upon the dark and cheerless road
Of sorrow, surely may
Look calmly for his sun to set,
Without reluctance or regret.

Death has no terrors for the just,
Benevolent, and wise ;
He claims his kindred to the dust,
Whose immortality in trust,
Is kept above the skies ;
Why should he fear to meet the day,
That rids him of his load of clay.

The step may falter, and the face
Grow wrinkled with decay,
Look back, thou faultless man, and trace
Thy duty filled in every space ;
Then forward and be gay—
For hope is thine, and thou art blest,
And righteous Heaven will do the rest.

THE ISLE OF SLAVES.

I've seen a land my soul invite,
'Twas so divinely fair,
Its face so green, it seemed that light
Had been enamored at the sight,
And chose its dwelling there.

With joy I saw those lovely vales
Upon the waters lay,
But gently blew the loaded gales,
Fragrance and odor filled the sails,
And wafted us away.

Our ship must leave that emerald land
That shone like Eden's shore,

The waving trees that kissed the strand,
The singing birds, the temples grand,
To see, to see no more.

Why should that gallant vessel pass,
Upon those chrystal waves,
A land so lovely, it might class
With isles where angels dwell—alas !
It was a land of slaves.

But many a sigh was left behind,
Upon the scented sea,
For Heaven directed gales to find,
To waft unto the fettered mind
The spirit of the free.

HOMeward BOUND.

I've been roaming o'er the foaming
Ocean, seeking pleasures vain,
Now returning, I am burning
To embrace my friends again ;
Safely landed, closely banded,
How delighted I shall rove,
By the ledges, and the hedges,
With the pledges of my love.

Where the glistening birds are listening
To the babbling of the stream,
I will wander, willows under,
O'er my youthful days to dream ;

In the morass, where the chorus,
Of the blackbird greets the air,
I will lay me, should he play me
His sweet antidote to care.

And the heathy hills, and wreathy
Mountains, I will clamber o'er,
Long I've panted for the enchanted
Scenes I haunted days of yore ;
In the hollows, where the swallows,
Twitter through the summer's day,
With my plighted, how delighted,
I shall pass my hours away.

THE REAPER.

THE harvest is o'er,
The reapers are weary,
For full was the clover,
The wheat and its berry ;
Come let us repose
On our laurels and slumber,
While plenty bestows
Her behests without number.

Our toil was from morning
'Till twilight descended,
All indolence scorning,
Until the day ended,
And ere the night counted
The gems on her bosom,
Our sickles were mounted,
All ready to use 'em.

At noon we retired
To the shade of the myrtle,
And listened inspired,
The song of the turtle ;
The mocking bird sung us
His rhapsody o'er us,
And not one among us
But joined in the chorus.

Receipt for the blessing,
Rejoice the receiver,—
Be quick in addressing
The bountiful giver ;
The harvest is over,
And heavily laden,
The reaper and lover
Returns to his maiden.

Success to the sickle,
Repose to the reaper,
Our life it is fickle,
May God be his keeper ;
To th' reaper be praises,
For him strew the flowers,
Wild roses and daisies,
To sweeten his hours.

THE CHILD AND THE FLOWERS.

OH ! can the flowers talk, my ma, as poets often say,
And do they sing to their young buds, an evening's lullaby ?
Oh ! if the flowers sing, my ma, it would delight me so,
I'd give my shining golden ring, this moment just to know.

Upon my little tulip bed, this evening will I lie,
And listen while I am asleep, to hear their melody ;
Or charm them with my lisping voice, and tell them prettily,
That I have been so good to-day, they ought to sing for me.

You called me beautiful my ma, and kissed me t' other day,
And oh ! it made me feel so glad, I longed to sing and play,
And I will tell the blooming flowers how beautiful they shine,
I'm sure that they will grateful be for praise so sweet as mine.

And when I've heard the tulip sing, the lily and the rose,
Then I shall be so lovely and so joyous I suppose,
That you will think me charming fair, and call me pretty Jane,
Oh ! I shall be so happy then, I'll never cry again.

This innocent she laid her down upon her flow'ry bed,
The tulips round her rosy feet, the lilies round her head, [wild,
She fell asleep, and dreamed the flowers were singing sweet and
And then a heavenly light arrayed the features of the child.

When she awoke, this little girl began herself to sing,
Her voice was like the echo when the zephyr shakes his wing ;
Some gentle spirit of the air, had watched her early powers,
And whispered in her dreamy ear the music of the flowers.

The lily sung—"how bright are we around this gay parterre,
Lo ! here's a rose-bud come to see us from another sphere ;
Come sister of the roses, come and rest thy cherub form,
Come sister lie thee down to rest, our bed is sweet and warm.

"But though our couch be beautiful, and breathe a rich perfume,
It ne'er was wound about the wheel, or tortured through the loom ;
We did not toil to make it look so beautiful and sweet,
We did not spin the silken thread that winds about your feet.

“The Power that made all heavenly things, the morning or the
To him we owe our offerings, and unto him we pray ; [day,
’Twas he arranged our colors bright, and bid us to outshine
The throne of Judah, and to tell our origin divine.

“Then learn of us our smiling guest, all worldly cares to shun,
Obey and love your heavenly friend, and all the rest is done ;
For he who clothes such worthless things and perishing as we,
Will not forget the lovely child that seeks our melody.”

This fav’rite of the bud and flowers, so beautiful and good,
Has charmed away her infant days and grown to womanhood
And often do I sit alone, beneath her window bowers,
To listen to her sweetest song, the anthem of the flowers.

THE JOLLY TAR.

COME each jolly fellow,
That loves to get mellow,
Attend unto me and be easy,
For not to be jolly
It is a great folly,
Dull thinking will make a man crazy
Then fare-thee-well sorrow,
Good-by to the morrow,
The present demands our devotion ;
Each man take your station
With exhilaration,
For mirth is the greatest promotion.
One moment of pleasure
Is worth all the treasure,
The earth ever saw, or the ocean :

Then fill up the glasses,
And drink to the lasses,
For Time he is always in motion.

Come bring us the juices,
That friendship infuses,
And brings all mankind to a level ;
Come bring us the juices,
That every one chooses,
And the priest he may go to the d—l.

The world it is knavish.
And men they are slavish,
Their friendship is only profession ;
But give me the feature,
That speaks the good creature,
And I'm sure of his hearty possession.

Then pass round the rosy,
And let us be cozy,
This night we have made our election ;
The pale faces wonder,
And deal out their thunder,
And rail at a ruddy complexion

THE AMERICAN SAILOR.

My ship's on the ocean,
Tossed over the wave,
And proud is her motion,
And gallant and brave ;

Her pilot is glory,
Her name it is Free,
And tyrant and tory
She'll sweep from the sea.

She's firm as the Roman,
As fierce as the Greek,
On liberty's foemen
Her vengeance to wreak;
I know her defenders,
They stand by the stars,
And she never surrenders
Her jolly Jack Tars.

She' swift as the eagle,
Outspread on the sky,
Her bearing as regal,
Determined, and high,
Through darkness and danger
She dashes the foam,
The pride and avenger
Of freedom and home.

There's a girl in a valley,
My own heart's delight,
She bid me to rally
My tars to the fight.
I muse on her beauty,
Her looks so divine,
And her words—"do your duty
My Jack, and be mine."

My ship's on the ocean,
My girl in the vale,

I pay my devotion
To both as I sail ;
The one share's my valor,
The other my name—
A toast for the sailor,
And beauty and fame.

THE MERRY CROW.

SOME sing the robin, some the lark,
For some the dove of Noah's ark,
Command their numbers flow ;
But tho' his vestments be so dark,
Commend me the merry crow.

He seeks the copses of the heath,
And pecks the seed that falls beneath,
Upon the driven snow ;
Then lays upon its cushioned wreath,
And sleeps—does the merry crow.

He is a patriot, and stands
Unflinching for his native lands ;
Tho' winter bids him go,
He wont obey his cold command,
Not the merry, merry crow.

He understands the terms of law,
Nor does he fear your man of straw,
John Doe, or Richard Roe ;
His plea is always claw, claw, claw,
A lawyer is the merry crow.

He is dogmatic as a judge,
And from his text he will not budge :
He tells the farmer so,
That when the corn is ripe, to grudge
A share to the merry crow.

He is a robber brave and bold,
As Robinhood in days of old,
As little fears his foe ;
A rock, or oak, is the strong hold
Of the brave unconquered crow.

I love to see his sooty face,
Like Africa's peculiar race,
It speaks of the summer's glow ;
I deem it hastening on apace,
When approaches the merry crow.

THE CULTIVATED MIND.

THERE is no gem in earth or sea,
Polished and glowing though it be,
Man may expect to find,
That seems so beautiful to me
As a cultivated mind.

This moral jewel to possess,
A kingdom I would value less
With golden rivers lined ;
Oh ! 'tis a stream of happiness,
A cultivated mind.

Deprived the proud aspiring thought,
Unfettered, disenthralled, unbought,
Unbiassed, unconfined ;
I could not live until I'd sought
A cultivated mind.

I see the sun of science rise,
And mellow light break o'er the skies,
Look out ye moral blind ;
Fair freedom guarantees the prize,
A cultivated mind.

Come ye who grovel in the dark,
With nature's bright electric spark,
In ignorance enshrined ;
Untiring strive to reach the mark
Of a cultivated mind.

What prospects and what glowing fields
Fair Science to her votary yields,
With literature combined ;
He only surely knows who wields
A cultivated mind.

The path is steep indeed to climb,
But gayly strewed with mountain thyme,
And flowers of every kind ;
But gained the top what views sublime,
To a cultivated mind.

He learns to travel o'er the past,
And o'er the fields of space so vast,
The future to unbind—
The pleasures will forever last
Of a cultivated mind.

THE MARTIN TO THE SWALLOW.

COME swallow, swallow come,
Let us o'er the billow roam,
To the yellow orange bloom,
Let us roam.

To the balmy islands where
Friends are waltzing in the air,
And the paroquet is player,
We shall meet the robin there ;
Swallow come.

Hear the summer's joyful breeze
Sings its music o'er the seas,
Flying fishes, mellow glees,
Let us follow, follow these
To their home.

Hear the lonely cricket sigh
To the playful butterfly,
Tells the chilling days are nigh :
Let us hasten, you and I,
O'er the foam.

Oh ! the flowers beyond the sea,
Bright and beautiful they be,
And they shine for you and me ;
Come swallow, let us flee
To their bloom.

We've a home forever green,
Soft, and sunny, and serene,
But the ocean rolls between ;
Let us seek the lovely scene,
Through the gloom.

THE DAY I WENT A CHERRYING.

'Twas June, the birds were singing sweet,
The boys and girls agreed to meet,
Among the trees along the street,
The red ripe blushing fruit to eat ;
They did not think of marrying,
The day they went a cherrying.

Then I beheld among the rest,
A stranger lad so gayly drest,
My heart a tender throb confest,—
I was so happy and so blest,
I never thought of marrying,
The day I went a cherrying.

He had a fond bewitching air,
His cheeks were round, his brow was bare,
The wind played wanton with his hair ;
I thought him fine and wondrous fair,
But never thought of marrying,
The day I went a cherrying.

The sun as through the sky he ploughed,
Beheld the party blest, and bowed
Himself behind a western cloud,
While still our mirth was ringing loud ;
We never thought of marrying,
The day we went a cherrying.

The stranger lad began to cast
His eyes around the scene at last,

Said he, "we've had a rich repast,
But now 'tis night." I stood aghast !
The night I'd been a cherrying.

As drooped her curtain dusky eve,
He took me gently by the sleeve,
And whispered softly—"by your leave,
Such loveliness I'll not deceive,
You wont object to marrying
When we return from cherrying."

He took me in his arms and said,
"I am a wealthy merchant bred,
This very night we'll surely wed,"
And as he promised so he sped ;
That night we had a marrying,
When we returned from cherrying.

THE WILD ROSE OF CURACOA.

OF all the wild flowers that bloom in the forest,
A group of wild roses to me is the fairest,
The morning, the evening's blest hours are enchanted,
Wherever the wild rose, sweet nature has planted.

There's singing and winging and hymning around it,
The oak and wild cherry delightfully bound it,
The linnet has built her dwelling beneath it,
And plucks the wild roses above it to wreath it.

Oh ! why is the wild rose to me such a treasure,
And why does it give me such exquisite pleasure,
Beyond all the flowers that blazon in story,
Whenever spring visits the scene of its glory ?

Its bloom, and its fragrance and beauty awaken
The slumbering dreams of an Eden forsaken—
Oh! why should I leave that sweet island so dear,
Where the wild roses bloom all the beautiful year?

Oh! why did I leave o'er the wide waste of waters,
The fairest and kindest of Hispania's daughters,
To wander deserted among her wild flowers,
To mourn for a lover so faithless?—ye powers!

Alas! could I live o'er the moments departed,
And could I recover the fond broken-hearted,
I never would wander from gay Petramora,
On the rose-scented river of green Curacoa.

THE GIRL OF BADEN.

From the banks of the Rhine,
From the valleys of Baden,
Comes an angel divine,
In the form of a maiden;
The locks of her hair
Are as dark as the raven,
And her eye is a star
In the midst of a heaven.

Though her vales were so bright,
She has come o'er the waters,
With songs of delight,
To Columbia's daughters;

Since she was not afraid
Of the sea and the danger,
Let us fly to the maid,
And say peace to the stranger.

Let us carry her where
Our forests are laden,
With flowers as fair
As the forests of Baden ;
To the rivers that shine,
In their own native splendor,
As fair as the Rhine,
In its beauty and grandeur.

Though our mountains be wild
As the mountains of Edom,
Their summits are piled
On the basis of freedom ;
And although our sod
Bear the rose and the lily,
No tyrant has trod
On the green of its valley.

Then come to our bower,
Thou dark haired maiden,
'Tis freedom's own dower,
And make it thy Baden,
'Tis priceless, but come,
'Twill be freely given,
Henceforth be thy home
With us and with heaven.

HURRAH TO THE ROBIN.

HURRAH ! to the robin, it is he, it is he,
His breast it is throbbing with music and glee ;
Hurrah ! to the robin, he is come, he is come,
He is singing and sobbing of home, sweet home.

But beautiful robin, thy home it is drear,
Too soon you arrive, and too punctual here ;
But the spring will begin, and the bud on the bough
Is bursting, is bursting, its prison doors now.

Sweet minstrel of morning, how welcome thy lay,
So mild and so charming alway, alway,
So soft and soul-winning, and lively and sweet,
First minstrel of morning I greet thee, I greet.

Gay songster of spring, and sweet psalmist of light,
I wait with impatience the lingering of night ;
But when thy low warble first breaks on mine ear,
What pleasure to listen, what rapture to hear.

Oh ! haste gentle flowers, oh ! hasten to fling
Thy banner of bliss o'er the warbler of spring,
Oh ! haste gentle flowers thy robes to employ,
And cover him o'er with the curtains of joy.

Hurrah, &c.

RETROSPECTION.

WHEN nature's children seek repose,
Save but the humble cricket singing,
I often, often think of those
Young voices, that with mirth were wringing

Their shout of welcome in my ears,
As blest, the joyful group I followed,
Nor thought that long in after years,
Those happy scenes should be so hallowed.

I often, often see again
Those careless, tearless, beaming faces,
When night has spread her peaceful reign
Over those long deserted places ;
Ah ! little thought that cheerful band,
With hearts so cheerful and elated,
The features of that fairy land,
Should be to mem'ry consecrated.

But though so often I review,
The prospect still my heart engages,
The scenes grow mellow to the view
Like pictures drawn by former ages,—
The dust of time, the mist of tears,
But make them more and more enchanted,
Like palaces of former years,
By loving, lingering spirits haunted.

So when the friendly night has drawn
Her chain around with dewy fingers,
Over each field and flowery lawn,
The light of busy fancy lingers,
To bring the spirits of the past
Before me of the dear departed,
To tell me in this world so vast,
That I am lonely, broken-hearted.

THE INVITATION.

WHY should he roam who has no home—

Why should he sail from sea to sea ?

Come to our country, stranger, come,

We'll find a cottage-hearth for thee.

The birds shall wing around, and sing

Your welcome to our land of joy,

And you shall share that blessed thing,

Sweet liberty, without alloy.

Our mountain-crest, our valleys blest,

Peace, like an angel hovers o'er ;

Oh ! come and be our welcome guest—

We claim thee, brother, weep no more.

How many bear the pangs of care,

With poverty a heavy load,

Who live upon starvation's fare,

Without protection or abode.

Did they but know how we bestow,

How cheaply cottage, hill and grove.

How fondly our affections flow,

Our rich inheritance of love—

With joyful face, our fond embrace,

They'd seek across th' Atlantic main,

And find a home and dwelling-place,

Where rules no tyrant, binds no chain.

Why should he roam, who has no home ?
There is a country in the west,
With arms extended, bids him come
Into its bosom and be blest.

THE BRIGHT BLUE SEA.

HAPPY the lot
Of him whose cot
 Stands by the bright blue sea ;
If there be one,
Beneath the sun,
 Supremely blest, 'tis he
That sits before
His cottage-door,
With children on his kneec,
Watching the waves,
Leap from the caves
 Of the ever-bright blue sea ;

Whose sails are furled
Beside the world
 Of waters he hath roved,
Whose anchor cast,
Secure and fast,
 Upon the spot beloved
In youthful days,
Amid the maze,
 Of ocean's revelry,
When long exiled,
From home he toiled,
 Over the bright blue sea.

Oh! many are
The isles that bear
 The citron and the clove,
Whose day and night
Glow with delight,
 And melody and love,
That he has oft
Seen from aloft,
 Lie like tranquility,
Sweetly at rest,
Upon the breast
 Of the pearly bright blue sea.
But there was one
Sweet spot alone,
 That like attraction true,
His heart and soul,
Unto its pole
 His fond affections drew ;
It was the green
Enchanted scene,
 Upon Long Island's lea,
Where his sweet cot
Uprose, I wot,
 Down by the bright blue sea.

THE OLD UNPAINTED HOUSES.

THE old unpainted houses
 That yet respected stand,
I love to see them scattered round,
 About my native land ;

For they oftentimes remind me
Of a people passed away—
Those rustic dwellings of a race,
So pleasant in decay.

I was young, but I remember
The tenants they contained,
The virtues and the excellence
That in each circle reigned,
The honest worth, and homeliness,
And hospitality,
That welcomed to the hearth and board,
The child of poverty.

I admire these rude mementos,
Moss-covered, gray and old,
Of days when worth supplied the place
Of tinsel and of gold ;
When the wealth of every yeoman
Was an orchard and a farm,
And peace-dispensing woman
Was a blessing and a charm.

The high and pointed gable,
And the chimney broad and low,
And doors without a lock or bar,
Fearless of thief or foe—
They tell us louder than the voice
Of lofty boasting pride,
The humble virtues they possessed,
Who in them lived and died.

That unsophisticated
And undegenerate race,
Have left us—and their dwellings old,
Are following apace ;
But the hist'ry of their happy lives,
And charitable deeds,
Are written on the pages of
Their unpolluted creeds.

WINTER'S COMING.

WINTER'S coming—
Hear the roaming,
See the foaming
Of the sea ;
Winter's coming—
Brooks are humming,
Birds are drumming
On the tree.

Leaves are whirling,
Insects furling,
Clouds are curling
O'er the sky ;
Winds are sighing,
Caves replying,
Colors dying—
What am I ?

Flowers are sleeping,
Showers are weeping,

Worms are creeping
In the ground ;
Foxes meeting,
Owls repeating,
Wrens retreating
From the sound.

Tempests toiling,
Ocean boiling,
Birds recoiling
From the wave ;
Sailors scorning
Nature's warning,
May, ere morning,
Find a grave,

On the pailing,
And the railing,
And the ceiling,
Broods the fly ;
Food refusing,
Vigor losing,
Sadly musing
How to die.

Winter's riding
From his hiding-
Place, and guiding
Through the air ;
Heralds flaming,
Pointing, aiming,
And exclaiming,
Now—prepare !

AN ELEGY ON MY DOG TOBY.

My faithful dog, whose bones repose
Beneath the cold, unheeded snows,
He comes the last sad rite to pay,
Thy weeping master, o'er thy clay.

Let none who see this simple wreath,
He twines with sorrow to bequeath
Unto thy mem'ry, sad and dear,
Smile at his tribute of a tear.

How many monuments are raised,
How many wondering eyes have gazed
Upon the golden-sculptured line,
Whose lives deserved it less than thine!

How many leave this world and die,
Without a friend to breathe a sigh
Over their dust when life is gone—
My faithful Toby, thou hast one.

The great assemble round the tomb
Of pride, until there's want of room ;
With painted grief, and empty praise,
Their fellow-mortal ends his days.

Not so thy master's grateful lay—
It beats where his heart-pulses play ;
And should he drop the friendly tear,
He pledges, it shall be sincere.

What though no pageant round thee glows?
Over thy dust there blooms a rose—

Over thy bed, when summer shines,
A cypress with a cedar twines—

A grove of wood, a copse of yew,
Invite the black-bird, and the blue,
To raise a matin from each limb,
And sing at eve a vesper-hymn.

Often thy master's voice complains
In deep and melancholy strains,
As, mourning thy untimely fate,
He weeps alone, disconsolate.

Ah ! when he needs a constant friend,
His weary footsteps to attend—
When all are false, his eyes may see,
How often will he think of thee !

TO A SPARROW.

PSALMIST of the morning,
Sweetly warbling sparrow,
Cold and hunger scorning,
Knowest thou no sorrow ?
Often have I listened
To thy joyful hymning,
'Till the tear-drop glistened,
And my eyes were swimming.

When I know thy bower,
Through the wintry weather,
Had nor leaf nor flower,
Twining round together ;

When I know the danger
Of the place selected
By thee, little stranger,
And how unprotected ;

O'er the past I ponder,
O'er its dreary mazes,
And with silent wonder
Hear thee sing thy praises ;
After all thy sadness,
When the winds were wailing,
Thou art filled with gladness,
Spring and beauty hailing.

With a thousand blessings,
To thee never granted,
Comforts and caresses,
I am discontented ;
While around the morning
Thou art bliss bestowing,
I am filled with mourning,
And the tears are flowing.

Vocalist of flowers, -
Chorister of beauty,
Lend to me thy powers,
Teach to me my duty ;
Learn me thy caroling
When the winter's ended,
And the sweet extolling
Of the bliss extended.

THE SAILOR-BOY.

I LOVE the sailor best of all
Good people I acquaintance call ;
If he be short, or round, or tall,
 He is my pride and joy ;
Wild as the ocean that he sails,
And pleasant as its evening gales,
His true affection never fails
 The heart of the sailor-boy.

O'er erring man a shield he throws,
He never supplicates his foes—
He has a heart for human woes
 That keeps him in employ ;
When sad misfortune meets his friend,
His purse to open and to lend,
And all his wants and cares attend,
 Is delight to the sailor-boy.

When storms around him rage and roar,
I've seen his noble spirit soar
Aloft, as though it hovered o'er
 What ocean would destroy ;
He dashed aside the swelling wave,
His arm was strong, his heart was brave,
His gen'rous soul delights to save,
 Of the undaunted sailor-boy.

His thoughts are as the eagles high
That soars above him in the sky ;
Ready to live or bravely die,
 No dangers him annoy ;

To do his duty is his pride—
To stand his country's flag beside ;
So Perry lived, so Lawrence died,
Each like a true sailor-boy.

Oh ! when love bids him bow the knee
Unto some soft bewitching she,
'Tis done with such an air and glee,
She's neither shy nor coy ;
He has his passport at command—
His heart all open in his hand,
No girl can the address withstand
Of the gallant sailor-boy.

I HAVE WANDERED.

By the silvery river glowing,
From the busy world retired,
With my bosom overflowing,
Oft I've wandered and admired ;
When the beautiful around me
Drew my weary steps astray,
Then the bliss of nature found me
Listening to the hymning jay.

Oh ! how gaily hours were wasted,
In my youthful summer's prime ;
Oh ! how sweet the moments tasted,
On those oasis of time !

Oft will busy recollection
 Pass their pleasures in review,
 And with sadness and dejection,
 Tell how swift the moments flew.

By the river and the forest,
 Where I wandered long ago,
 A delighted youthful florist,
 There my tears are wont to flow ;—
 Days of brightness, will you never
 To my spirit more return ;
 Are ye lost to me forever—
 Shall I never cease to mourn ?

WHEN BRITAIN'S MARTIAL BAND.

Sung on the 4th of July, at Orient.

WHEN Britain's martial band,
 Came to our peaceful land,
 In all its pomp and bright array,
 It tried for many a year,
 To take our father's dear
 And glorious birth-right away.

Columbia streamed with blood,
 But she appealed to God,
 And gained a glorious victory ;
 The price indeed was high,
 But she resolved to buy
 A charter for her liberty.

Oppression tried in vain
The fetter and the chain

To make the sons of freedom wear ;
“ Dare you,” it said, “ rebel
Against your sov’reign’s will ? ”
They answered in a shout—“ we dare ! ”

Age thought no more of years,
Nor youth of smiles or tears—

One heart inspired—one interest—all ;
To face the hosts of kings,
They fly on glory’s wings,
“ We gain the day,” they cry, “ or fall.”

Behold each hero now
Part from his home and plough,
Prepared to meet his country’s foe ;
The matron fond, exiled
Her bosom-friend and child,
And bid them to the rescue go.

March, march, the watchword grew,
And quick the squadrons flew—
In heart and soul there was but one ;
Like rushing winds they come—
Home, home, ye Britons, home,
Or feel the wrath of Washington.

Old England’s lion roared,
When our young eagle soared,
And darted on the great Burgoyne ;
Then shouts of joy arose,
Amid the wild echoes
Of Monmouth hills and Brandywine.

A Power unseen inspired,
Each noble bosom fired—
Slaves they were never born to be ;
On ! on ! the living cried—
The dying ones replied,
On ! on ! to immortality.

THE WHIPPOWIL.

WHEN the verdure decks the hill,
Listen to the whippowil ;
Lo ! he sings a plaintive tale,
Nightly to the listening vale ;
When the eve is soft and still,
Listen to the whippowil.

All the night he pours his lay
In the ear of happy May ;
All the night he sits and sings,
With the dew upon his wings ;
Poignant feelings would you kill,
Listen to the whippowil.

Should your lover faithless prove,
Lady, seek the vocal grove ;
When the stars are shining bright,
O'er the curtains of the night,
Softer than a warbling rill,
Sings the lonely whippowil.

If a passion in your breast
Hide its secret, unexpressed,

Then beside the silent grove,
Shed the tears of hopeless love ;
Tears your eyes shall quickly fill,
Listening to the whippowil.

When, to gain your maiden's heart,
You've exhausted every art,
Take her on your arm at eve ;
Quickly will her bosom heave,
With a sweet consenting thrill,
When she hears the whippowil.

THE APPEAL.

THE north wind is howling,
The songsters are still,
The sportsmen are fowling,
And brisk turns the mill ;
The waters are frozen,
And merry youths rise
From the ice, by the dozen,
With stars in their eyes.

The matrons are gazing
On teapots and stews,
The fire it is blazing—
Take care of your shoes ;
The boys they are ringing
The bells for a ride,
The girls gayly flinging
Their ringlets aside.

Prepare for the sledding,
Prepare for the ball,
Prepare for the wedding
And parson next fall ;
The snow is the Venus
That constantly draws
The distance between us
So small that it thaws.

Take care of the fuel,
Look out for the hay,
For hunger is cruel,
And tardy is May ;
And oh ! spare the pocket,
Lest empty it sing,
And the store-keepers book-it
Two months before spring.

And now, gentle reader,
I bid you good-bye,
But still as a pleader
For chill poverty ;
When her wanderers gather
Your mansion before,
In this cold stormy weather,
Fling open the door.

THE LARK.

I HEAR her voice ascending
Upward unto the skies,
And joyful spirits bending,
To hear its melodies ;

And mine among the number,
Though humblest of the train,
Awakens from its slumber
To hear that voice again.

Thou golden-breasted psalmist
Of morning's ruddy joy,
Thine is the sweetest, calmest
Praise that may tongue employ ;
I listen to thine artless
And heaven-instructed lay ;
It is not like the heartless,
Cold gratitude we pay,

Unto the glorious giver
Of seasons warm and fair,
Of mountain and of river,
And beauty everywhere ;
Unto the hand that carries
The blossoms to the trees,
And sends ten thousand glories
Upon the summer breeze.

I greet thee, lovely charmer,
I welcome thee once more ;
My spirit waxeth warmer
To see thee upward soar,
So gay and so resplendent,
Upon thy spotted wing—
I'll be thy glad attendant,
Sweet harbinger of spring.

MY RIVER.

I HAVE a little river,
A gentle little stream ;
The rays that on it quiver,
Shone on my childhood's dream.

The roses on its border,
I've kissed them o'er and o'er ;
The alders stand in order,
Upon its pleasant shore.

The groves around it bowing
Are not like other groves—
They're vocal with the vowing
Of more exquisite loves.

The black-bird and the linnet
Sing sweetly all the day,
And bathe with rapture in it
The sunny hours away.

My river's banks are blended
With beauty all the year,
For when the summer's ended,
The ivy-leaves appear.

And when the russet cover
Of winter gathers round,
The dipper and the plover
And merry-wing abound.

No stormy winds invade
My little silent rill
'Tis just as Heaven made it,
As beautiful and still.

Oft have I sung its praises,
But still the more I sing,
Sweet inspiration raises
Some undiscovered string.

OH! MEET ME NOT BY MOONLIGHT.

Oh! meet me not by moonlight,
For hers are tell-tale skies,
But only when the silent eve
Is lighted by thine eyes;
In some sequestered valley,
That's consecrated wholly
To love and me, to love and thee,
We'll make our paradise.

Oh! meet me not when stillness
Reposes on the ear,
For well I know my ardent vow
May bring a listener near;
Come when the winds are waving
Adieu to blossoms leaving
The lonely tree that covers me—
Then fairy-like appear.

Yes, meet me when the cricket
To midnight sweetly sings,

For there should be soft melody
For love's pure listenings ;
And when the flowers are sleeping,
And turtle-doves are keeping
Their vigils round love's hallowed ground,
With folded dewy wings.

Come with a step of lightness,
As stealthy fairies roam,
And with me stay till waking day
Bids fairies to begone ;
Then, ere the robin's hymning,
I'll kiss the cheek all swimming
In honey-dew, the nectar through,
Beside your cottage home.

IRELAND.

Is NOT the man who toils for bread
Entitled to a humble shed,
Upon his native land ?
Must he be ushered in the street,
Death and starvation's ghost to meet,
By man's inhuman hand ?

Shall lordling insolence and pride
Over their helpless victims ride,
Whom they have chained and thonged,
And not a voice be raised on high,
Nor flashing sword, demanding why
These men are robbed and wronged ?

Did freedom's eagle spread her wing,
Blessing and happiness to bring

To us, and us alone ?

O'Connor's blood, O'Brien cries,
And Mitchell lifts his hollow eyes,
Imploring vengeance on !

Shall we, who proudly make our boast
We lead the van of freedom's host,

Sit down and tamely see

The tyrant bandit stab and gore
The struggling millions, who implore
Help from the brave and free ?

Forbid it man, forbid it God !

And ye who tread on freedom's sod,

Forbid it, and away ;

Marshal your ranks, to Erin fly,
And triumph with her sons, or die,
Nor brook an hour's delay !

LOVELY SUE.

WHEN first I courted Sue,

Her cheeks were red as roses ;

Her lips were rosy too,

As every one supposes ;

Her waist was tight, her eyes were bright,

Her brow was alabaster ;

I gazed upon her with delight,

And with the gods I classed her.

When spring came dancing by,
With the robin on his shoulder
And laughter in his eye,
I grew a little bolder ;
We walked and sung the groves among,
Then gently I caressed her ;
Upon her snowy neck I hung,
And to my bosom pressed her.

Then summer, robed in light,
All jeweled, green, and golden,
Came, with his sickle bright,
As in the harvests olden ;
Among the hay we went to play—
The flowers all called her sister ;
I gazed and sighed—what could I say ?
'Twas twilight—so I kissed her.

But happy autumn soon
Came, with his full carousal,
And brought a honey-moon,
To bless my love's espousal ;
Alas ! too late, I read my fate—
It was a sad disaster ;
I sigh, kind reader, to relate,
My mistress proved my—master.

THE MOSSY GRAVE-STONE.

ONE day, while musing on the care
That man endures, and pains,
My willing footsteps led me where
Reposes his remains ;

The tall grass o'er the hillocks waved,
Like sorrow sad and lone ;
I read the humble names engraved
Upon each mossy stone.

The moaning wave brought to the shore
A dirge sent home from sea—
The hollow winds were waving o'er,
Man's wretched destiny ;
The tears of love had ceased to fall,
And friendship's gift was gone,
But nature kept her funeral,
Around each mossy stone.

Is this the end of human pride ?
I asked in accents wild ;
All lie forgotten here, beside
A brother, wife, or child ;
Succeeding generations crowd
The city, one by one ;
The great are level'd, and the proud,
Beneath the mossy stone.

I wept, o'er generations fled,
Grief's unavailing tears—
Not only for the slumbering dead,
But for the young in years—
To think that beauty, youth and love,
All bright and summer-blown,
Must quickly have the cypress wove
Upon their mossy bed.

YOUTHFUL DAYS.

OH ! remember youthful days,
As they shone in summer's blaze,
When we hymned the morning's praise—
Youthful days.

We must part—the blissful hours,
That we stole in pleasure's bowers,
Never shall return with flowers—
Blissful hours.

We must part—the dreamy eyes,
With their pure and angel dies,
That beheld our youthful joys—
Dreamy eyes.

Often lisp the evening song
That we harped the groves among,
When we knew not we were young—
Evening song.

Oft revive the holy flame
We could breathe, but dare not name,
When first-love an angel came—
Holy flame.

Oh ! bring rosy wreaths of love,
Such as bind true hearts above,
By eternal beauty wove—
Wreaths of love.

Let them thus an emblem be,
 Pure and perfect, heavenly,
 Of our love's eternity—

An emblem be.

Then but give me kisses true,
 As I fondly gave to you,
 When I bade you last adieu—

Kisses true.

THE PILOT—SONG OF THE ROBIN.

Blooming vi'let,
 Lovely pilot,
 O'er each continent and islet,
 Lo! the robin's
 Breast is throbbing—
 For his absent love he's sobbing;
 Lovely vi'let,
 Be her pilot
 O'er each continent and islet—
 Quick, quick, quick.

Flowers are blooming,
 Birds are pluming,
 And the bee around is humming;
 All is motion
 And devotion,
 O'er the sea and o'er the ocean;
 Lovely vi'let,
 Be her pilot
 O'er each continent and islet—
 Quick, quick, quick.

See the mellow
 Eastern halo !
 Spring is coming, little fellow—
 He is winging
 O'er the springing
 Buds and flowers, while I am singing ;
 Lovely vi'let,
 Be her pilot
 O'er each continent and islet—
 Quick, quick, quick.

Buds are breaking,
 Woods awaking,
 While my lonely heart is aching,
 And the thrushes
 Mock my blushes,
 As I warble through the bushes ;
 Lovely vi'let,
 Be her pilot
 O'er each continent and islet—
 Quick, quick, quick.

THE GOLDEN DAYS OF SUMMER.

THE golden days of Summer—
 I hear them on their way,
 Where the waters gently murmur,
 And the children are at play ;
 Where the swallow twitters over
 The merry fields again,
 And the turtle to her lover
 Chants her melancholy strain.

Where the red-bird's bosom blushes
To behold the rising sun,
And the orchard robin rushes
To the maiden he hath won ;
Where the thresher, and the drummer,
In the foliage make their lair,
The golden days of Summer
Soon will bloom in beauty there.

The golden days of Summer—
They have joys for us in store,
And life's lamp, that doth but glimmer,
Shall be drest with flow'rs once more,
When the summer on the roses
Breathes the soft and balmy gale,
And the evening dew reposes
On the flowrets of the vale.

The brightest days of Summer,
And the evenings star'd with gold,
To the flower-encircled Farmer
Soon their beauties will unfold ;
And the fragrance of the clover,
And the freshness of the fern,
Like a long-expected lover,
How delightful their return !

The golden days of Summer—
I see them on their way,
And I hear their gentle murmur,
At the rosy feet of May ;
And the beaming of their brightness
Doth an ecstasy impart,
And a gaiety and lightness
To my weariness of heart.

DREAMS.

WHEN all the sky is clouded o'er,
And shining suns rejoice no more,
And fettered are the streams ;
When frosty winds begin to blow,
And all the fields are white with snow,
What can give pleasure here below,
But dreams ?

When all the birds have left the trees,
And vocal sounds no longer please,
And loud the owlet screams ;
When robin-red-breast's note is still,
And silence chains the whippowil,
Where can we hear sweet music thrill ?
In dreams.

When distance, with an envious hand,
Hides from us our own native land,
Glowing in summer beams,
What but the magic wand of sleep
Can waft us, o'er the mighty deep,
Home to our friends, to laugh and weep,
But dreams ?

When age comes creeping on apace,
And we have almost run our race,
Verging on life's extremes,
What can our childish days recall—
Our playmates from the gloomy pall,
And youth, and hope, and strength, and all,
Like dreams ?

When love beholds life's waning year,
 And leaves our frigid atmosphere,
 (For so 'tis best he deems,)
 What can the dimpled god restore,
 With smiles and bloom all covered o'er,
 But dreams ?

When bleak misfortune in our path
 Stands, naked in his stormy wrath,
 And life a burthen seems,
 With ills and disappointments rife,
 What soon can end all care and strife,
 And call prosperity to life,
 But dreams ?

MY OLD PLAYMATES.

THE hills with green are covered o'er,
 The mossy rocks as heretofore,
 And many an oak I used to see
 Is still a green and goodly tree ;
 And vale and stream, they shine as bright,
 As warm by day, as mild by night ;
 But oh ! my playmates, few are they,
 And e'en their heads are turning gray.

How unexpected and how strange
 The swift, the melancholy change !
 I look upon it with amaze—
 Companions of my youthful days,

“ Can these be you ?” I oft exclaim ;
“ Can it be possible ! the same
Young boys, with whom I used to play,
Whose heads so soon are turning gray ?”

It seems but yesterday that ye
Were frolicking upon the lea,
Chasing the butterflies at school,
As happy, gay, and beautiful ;
Are these the ones I now behold,
Those wanton boys, so grim and old ;
The boys with whom I used to play,
With steps so slow, and heads so gray ?

How gladly would my heart esteem
This transformation all a dream,
And waking, clasp you to my breast,
Myself a cherub like the rest,
And lead you to the scenes of joy,
The scenes of the enraptured boy ;
Come, I was wont to lead the way—
Alas ! your heads are turning gray.

Relentless Time, I bid the pause
The stern infliction of thy laws !
The valley still its verdure wears,
The lofty pine thy mercy spares ;
Then spare the few, that still remain,
Green leaves of life to age and pain,
To them with whom I used to play,
And keep their heads from turning gray.

THE PRUSSIAN BOY.

WHEN, roaming from my country far,
I gaze upon the evening star,
And 'neath its rays I seem to see
Her scenes in all their majesty,
I see her hills, I see her vales,
And seem to breathe her balmy gales,
While in a foreign land's employ,
As when I roved a Prussian boy.

Where Memel's gentle waters flow,
Again I see the twilight glow,
And on its banks again I rove,
With happiness, and peace, and love ;
The playmate, and the cottage dear,
To my fond fancy reappear—
The welcome hearth, the cheerful flame,
And oh ! that loved one, still the same.

Land of my birth, land of my pride,
While sailing o'er the ocean-tide,
I never, never can forget
Thy beauteous scenes ;—I love thee yet !
The Baltic's wave, the Vistula,
Before my roving fancy play,
And all the joys that once were mine—
Distance but makes them more divine.

Friends I have left, and stream and hill,
And what to me are dearer still,
In my far country, though exiled,
I still possess a wife and child ;

Where Memel flows, where Memel swells,
My glowing thought forever dwells;
Once more I would its scenes enjoy,
And rove a happy Prussian boy.

SPRING FLOWERS.

SPRING flowers are blooming o'er valley and hill,
Wild flowers are budding by morass and rill,
And sweet in their bowers the little birds sing
Their songs of delight to the goddess of spring.

How oft by the river I've laid me along
The beds of wild roses, to list to their song,
Until all depression, and sorrow, and care,
Were lost in the ocean of melody there.

Like them, I would live in a sea of perfume,
And be a wild bird in a bower of bloom,
And live all my life but to harp and to sing
The rapture of love and the beauty of spring.

Should winter e'er visit my dwelling of peace,
I'd wing myself over the murmuring seas,
Until I should meet with the breathing of bowers,
Then lay myself down in an island of flowers.

And there I would rest from my toils o'er the sea,
And forever a songster of paradise be,
And all the day long, and all the night sing
The glory and gladness and beauty of spring.

THE GARLAND.

I SOUGHT for a garland to crown the new year,
Where of late I delightedly strayed,
But the green leaf had faded all withered and sear,
And the hollow winds murmured, "Oh! wander not here,
For the garland-leaf lowly is laid ;"

On the field where the flow'r did its tendrils unfold,
At the call of the capering spring,
I stood—but a story its dreariness told,
Like the cities that flourished and perished of old,
A wild desert is all I can bring ;

By the brow of the hill where the damask rose played,
With the zephyr that rose from the sea,
When the summer was all in its splendor arrayed,
And glory and light—but its barrenness said,
"Alas! I've no garland for thee ;"

By the edge of a stream, where the pond-lily grew,
Then with sorrowful musing I turned,
Where in autumn it stood in its mantle of blue—
But the gentle stream babbled, "Here's nothing for you,
For my waters the lily have urned."

I went to the grove, but its blossoms had fled,
And the white moss and lichen were there,
Like the gloomy apparel that covers the dead ;
Oh! where shall I find me a garland I said,
And the winter responded, "Despair."

Then my steps to a neat little cottage I plied,
And told my regret with a tear,

When a sweet little maiden looked up and replied,
“I’ve a beautiful snow-drop by my window-side,
And I’ll give it to crown the new year.”

Jan., 1842.

LAMENT FOR SUMMER.

FOREVER, oh! forever,
Another summer’s gone—
By meadow and by river,
Again I sit and mourn;
For the songs and for the flowers,
And the music-making rills,
And the light upon the towers
Of the “everlasting hills;”

For the sunbeam on the waters,
As the evening draweth nigh,
And the sail that on it loiters,
To see it passing by;
And the laughter of the maiden,
Borne upon the scented gale,
With a load of fragrance laden,
And the whistling of the quail;

For the garland of the valley,
And the border of the stream,
And the glory, and the gala,
In the moon’s entrancing beam;
For the music of the forest,
And the vesture of the plain,
And a happiness, the purest
I may never see again.

With a heart oppressed with sadness,
I gaze upon the scene,
So lately filled with gladness,
So beautiful and green ;
So prodigal of pleasure,
And glorious to behold,
For I deemed it more a treasure
Than the silver or the gold.

But all we fondly cherish,
In affection and in love,
Must, like the flowers, perish—
Such is the decree above ;
And the flowers fall before us,
To learn us to prepare,
And the evening's dying chorus,
To tell us what we are.

Then summer, with thy glories,
I bid thee thus adieu,
But thy sunny days, the stories
Of the winter shall renew ;
Thou art not gone forever,
Since mem'ry can recall
Thy meadow and thy river,
From their shrouded funeral.

ADIEU TO CARE.

WHY should poor man, his little span
Of this uncertain life impair,
By borrowed pain and labor vain,
And weary, over-anxious care ?

Life's fleeting hour, Infinite Power
Makes bright, and beautiful, and fair ;
Then since 'tis so, adieu to wo,
Adieu to melancholy care.

The birds rejoice with tuneful voice—
All animals, on land or sea,
The tame and wild, are reconciled
To the all-powerful decree ;
Shall man alone his lot disown—
Of happiness refuse his share ?
Nay, since 'tis so, adieu to wo,
Adieu to melancholy care.

Oh! let his days be spent in praise,
For sinful man has more than all,
Of life possessed, to make him blest—
His homage and his thanks to call ;
The sea and land, at his command,
For him their luxuries prepare ;
Then since 'tis so, adieu to wo,
Adieu to melancholy care.

What boots a life of toil and strife ?
What is there worth the tedious while,
Should man acquire all he desire,
And glory, fame, and fortune smile ?
'They can't increase the bosom's peace—
The glittering stars that on it bear ;
Then since 'tis so, adieu to wo,
Adieu to melancholy care.

Earth, ocean, skies, all harmonize,
And brightness gilds each shining sphere ;

The earth is bloom, the sea perfume;
Where islands breathe their fragrance near;
We need but choose the fairest views,
We need but breathe the sweetest air;
Then since 'tis so, adieu to woe,
Adieu to melancholy care.

THE FIRST LEAF OF SPRING.

THE first leaf of spring is unfolding again,
In splendor to flourish, in beauty to reign.
Green among blossoms, and hid among flowers,
Waving on high, on the tree-top it towers.

Sad that a being so beauteous and fair,
Child of the sun and companion of air,
Feeding on light and inhaling the dew,
Should live but one season—alas! is it true?

Indeed it is so—for last autumn I saw,
Prone on the earth, and with sadness and awe,
Many a relic of many a gem,
And soon the spring-leaf must be numbered with them.

First leaf, I will lay myself under thy shade,
Ere the season thy beautiful form hath betrayed
Unto the unfeeling, unpitying blast,
To muse on the future and dream of the past;

To sigh for the past, for the future to fear,
Should life linger on 'till its leaf groweth sear;
To hope for a green and a goodly old age,
To fill in life's chapter a well written page;

To learn to be cheerful and joyous and gay,
Ere the wrinkles of time bear the prints of decay ;
Ere the furrow-worn cheek and the silvery hair,
Proclaim that the signet of sorrow is there ;

Thy morning of brightness with mine to disclose—
Thy evening of beauty to join in repose ;
To bathe in thy fragrance and drink thy perfume,
And be blest a brief hour in thy Eden of bloom.

For soon will the blast of the tempest return,
With his withering breath, on the hurricane borne,
And strip from the bower and wring from the tree,
All things that are beautiful, pleasant, and—thee.

LONG ISLAND.

OFt have I wandered
O'er sea, and pondered
Upon the blooming
And unassuming
Beauty and quiet
(As I sail'd by it)
Of sweet Long Island—
Its low and high land.

In orchards planted,
And groves enchanted,
I heard the murmur
Of playful summer ;
Birds were caroling,
And lovers strolling

O'er fair Long Island—
Its groves and high land.

The peaceful hamlet
Stood by a streamlet,
And by its waters
Its beauteous daughters,
Sweetly reclining,
Were flowers combining,
To grace Long Island—
Its vale and high land.

Its twilight shaded
Was serenaded
By happy farmers,
Wooring their charmers.
Fair is the maiden,
With milk-pail laden,
Of sweet Long Island,
On low or high land.

I thought if ever
My roving fever
Should cease its motion,
I'd leave the ocean,
And, with some creature
Of Heavenly feature,
Dwell on Long Island—
Its low or high land.

A land so peaceful,
So green and graceful,
I said, would render
A life of splendor

Despised and hated,
If I were mated
On sweet Long Island—
Its low or high land.

'Tis there the graces
Adorn the faces,
And sweet compassion
Is all in fashion ;
E'en want repose
On beds of roses,
On soft Long Island—
Its low and high land.

Blest and contented,
And unacquainted
With folly's glitter,
No thoughts embitter
The happy quiet
Of them who diet
On green Long Island—
Its low or high land.

'Twas thus, pursuing
My thoughts, and viewing
The landscape glowing
And overflowing
With milk and honey,
And "lasses bonny,"
I passed Long Island—
Its low and high land.

N A MOTHER TEACHING HER CHILD TO PLAY ON THE
HARP.

OFTEN my child, I've often bent
To hear the sound
Of that heart-thrilling instrument,
My little prattling innocent,
And sweet peace found.

Yes, when the world looked gloomily,
And all around
Looked sad and desolate to me,
I took my harp, and gazed on thee,
In sleep profound.

And then a sweet and gentle air
My spirit wound,
Such as a cherub breathes at prayer,
For lo ! a cherub's soul laid there,
In slumber bound.

My harp of future times would speak,
If fortune frowned—
Of happiness with thee to seek,
As I gazed on thy ruby cheek,
So red and round.

And now, my little counterpart,
With ringlets crowned,
I would teach thee this gentle art,
To drown the sorrows of the heart,
As I have drowned.

And when thy mother's form shall lay
In the cold ground,
At the soft twilight go and play
The song she taught thy harp to-day,
Over her mound.

THE BUBBLE.

WHAT bubbles we are, and what bubbles pursue,
The philosopher said, when he took into view
The phantom of life, and its pleasure and pain,
And of all we pursue, the small portion we gain.

For life as a bubble, is fleeting and fair,
As it floats on the ocean, or sails in the air—
A promise of blessing, and beauty, and joy,
A brief disappointment will quickly destroy.

The burst of a sorrow, the sunset of youth,
And the romance of life is a hackneyed truth—
With its lustre all faded, its glory all fled,
And the clouds of the future its halo o'erspread.

Pride, wealth, and ambition, are bubble and show—
The past has revealed them, and buried them low ;
The palace has mouldered, the prince on his throne,
And but little remains of what ages have done.

A borrowed deceit is the bubble we prize—
A thirty years' lease of its sorrows and sighs ;
And we always receive with the loan of our breath,
The bondage of sin, and the slavery of death.

Bubbles in being and moulded in clay,
Brief is our pilgrimage, swift our decay—
And all we can say when the spirit has fled,
Is, our friends are no more, let us bury the dead !

And is it for this that our trials are borne ;
That the sun of our childhood so brilliantly shone—
Blooming in beauty, and blazing in light,
And ending like bubbles, in tears and in night ?

Thus musing, I met the great man in his pride,
His cheeks in the sun of prosperity dyed ;
But the morrow displayed a long funeral train—
His wealth, pride, and power, his prospects how vain.

The scorn on his lip into marble had turned,
And his pomp and his greatness, the coffin inurned ;
And the infant looked on the pale features and smiled,
And the mother held close to her bosom her child.

“ Our life is a bubble,” the relative sighed ;
“ Your life is a bubble,” the coffin replied.
The truth was impressed on each countenance then,
But it soon disappeared in the bustle of men.

LIGHT, LIBERTY, AND LOVE.

WHEN the glad stars beheld below
This world beset with weeds and woe,
They prayed to mighty Jove
To send it down three spirits, famed
In Heaven for happiness, and named
Light, Liberty, and Love.

They came arrayed in truth and flame—
In bright magnificence they came
From the abodes above ;
And on a mountain's top they stood
Alone, in splendid solitude—
Light, Liberty, and Love.

The Light expelled the reign of night,
And Liberty began her fight,
And Love her garland wove ;
And Science rushed into the war,
And Truth and Justice battled for
Light, Liberty, and Love.

Darkness appalled, beheld the day,
And superstition hid away,
Deep in her idol grove ;
And man ! degenerate man arose,
And for his bright companions chose
Light, Liberty and Love.

And then uprose each herb and flower,
Called by the warm auspicious hour ;
The cinnamon and clove
Scented the gales, and fields and trees
Welcomed upon the joyful breeze,
Light, Liberty, and Love.

And Peace, that long had mourned, retired,
Rejoiced to see herself desired—
Her olive branch and dove ;
And Reason, on her lightning throne,
Delighted for her friends to own
Light, Liberty, and Love.

And Woman, gemmed in mental worth,
Gave sentiment and knowledge birth,
Her origin to prove—
An angel! from her Maker's hand,
Endowed with glorious beauty, and
Light, Liberty, and Love.

LONG ISLAND SOUND.

LONG Island Sound, thy waters bound
Upon a green and garland shore;
On every side, upon thy tide,
Their wealth the sea and rivers pour.

An ocean leaps into thy deeps—
A tributary world is thine;
And cities fair, beyond compare,
Upon thy glowing borders shine.

Soft pleasant isles display their smiles
Along thy ever murm'ring sea,
And hills and vales their scented gales
Send day and nightly over thee.

Upon thy blue, the frail canoe
Of the poor Indian glides no more;
But ships display their colors gay,
And o'er thy crested billows soar.

From lands afar, the gallant tar
Dreams of the splendor of thy scene,
Reflecting thy unclouded sky,
And thy dark wreath of forest green.

Thy sunny beams invite the streams
 Into thy genial flood to lave,
By mead and vale they fleetly sail,
 And leap exulting in thy wave.

From morn to night, my soul's delight
 Thy murmur and thy view hath been
For many a day, when sorrow's sway
 Drowned every fond resource within.

Long Island Sound, blest be thy bound,
 Upon my own, my island shore ;
Than length of days, than glory's blaze,
 “ Than life itself, I love thee more.”

LIBERTY.

OH! who would not be free
 In a land of joy and bliss ;
And who can e'er be sad
 In a blooming one like this ?
I ask the birds that sing
 Upon the budding tree,
What makes them always glad,
 And they warble—“ Liberty.”

I asked the infant child,
 Upon its mother's knee,
Why that expression wild,
 And that struggle to be free ?
And oh ! it sweetly smiled,
 And leapt exultingly,
That cherub undefiled—
 Its delight was—Liberty.

Then, since the birds that sing,
And the innocent at play,
Love freedom, I will love
Thy free land—America ;
And the lessons that I learn,
From mirth and melody,
In my heart shall ever burn,
As a lamp for—Liberty.

RURAL FELICITY.

COME, 'tis treason to our reason,
Out of season thus to mourn ;
Melancholy is a folly—
Let's be jolly in our turn.

Cease complaining, life is waning,
Nothing's gaining in the strife ;
Fill the measure, then, of pleasure,
Youth's the leisure time of life.

See the roses, love discloses,
And imposes on the young ;
Wreathes descending, graces blending.
Never-ending smiles among.

Birds are calling, and caroling
Soul-enthraling melody ;
Round each dwelling mirth is stealing
With his pealing revelry.

Woods are ringing, boyhood springing,
Dancing, singing, light and gay ;

Peasants toiling, kissing, smiling—
Thus beguiling life away.

Hear the sighing locust plying,
Music dying on his wings ;
While they glisten, let us listen
The petition that he sings.

See, the humming-bee is coming,
To the blooming flowers to pay
His addresses and caresses—
Ah ! he kisses to betray.

Hear the cricket, from the thicket,
Nightly wake his harp and sing ;
Tho' so very solitary,
He is merry, chirruping.

Then be joyful—mirth is lawful—
It is awful thus to mourn ;
Melancholy is a folly—
Let's be jolly in our turn.

I MET HER BY THE RIVER'S SIDE.

I MET her by the river's side,
In health and beauty blooming,
As through the trees the tuneful breeze
In cadence sweet was humming.
What made that river look so fair,
My heart and fancy warming ?
It was because my Kate was there,
So beautiful and charming

My Kate has gone to worlds above,
And bid me there to meet her ;
She's left our stream of earthly love
For purer ones, and sweeter.

But oh ! those banks where first we met,
Are dearer now than ever ;
For there I seem to see her yet,
Beside that gentle river.

AFTER A SHOWER.

A CLOUD the lofty eastern hills
Their brightness ceased to cover ;
And gladness in a thousand rills
Was leaping through the clover.

While round the clear-complexioned air,
Full shrilly cried the plover ;
While, list'ning, sat his spotted fair,
Among the scented clover ;

I bade my Mary listen to
Her own devoted lover,
As we were lightly tripping through
The sweetly-scented clover.

She raised her soft consenting eye
Up toward the heaven above her ;
I saw—and ah ! what ecstasy
I found among the clover.

I'd wandered long the world around,
A discontented rover ;
But happiness at last I found
Among the scented clover.

MUSIC.

COME, Music, sister of the Smiles,
And antidote to care ;
When sorrow with my spirit toils,
Thy syren note the pain beguiles—
Come, strike a joyful air.

This world was not for sorrow made—
It is a sweet abode ;
But flowers must die, and fields must fade,
And trusting hearts are oft betrayed—
Life's an uneven road.

But there are bowers along the side,
Where bliss her smile bestows ;
And Music, like an angel-guide,
The happy portal opens wide,
And sings us to repose.

Then, syren, thy enchantment lend,
'Till I forget again ;
I'll rest my brow upon my hand,
And muse upon a lovelier land,
Unvisited by pain,

Where song and flowers keep holiday
Around the vernal year,
And fadeless youth and beauty stray,
And love bedecks their blissful way,
And rapture brings the tear.

HOPELESS LOVE.

OH ! who can tell the deep distress
Of him who loves in vain ;
The dark despair and loneliness—
The fruitless trial to suppress
The never-ceasing pain.

One strong emotion fills his breast,
And love that only one ;
One secret sorrow, unexpressed,
And to himself alone confest,
That he is lost—undone.

No hope of happiness remains—
No balsam for the smart ;
He loves the fetters—binds the chains—
And hugs the cause of all his pains
Around his broken heart.

One feeling—one consuming care—
All other thoughts control :
The hopeless anguish he must bear—
The wretchedness and deep despair
That overwhelms his soul.

One vision stands his eyes before,
That nothing can remove :
The thought that he must hope no more
To bless, to worship, and adore
The object of his love.

The desolation of his lot
Stalks round him night and day ;
His page of life is all a blot,
Without one white, redeeming spot—
Without one cheering ray.

He seeks in hapless solitude
To spend his wasted years—
To hide from observation rude,
And pour his life into a flood
Of unavailing tears.

And thus he mourns from day to day—
Oh ! pitying angels, save !
Release his spirit from its clay,
For soon his shrouded form must lay
In an untimely grave.

THE MEETING.

As I laid upon my pillow,
Wrapt in slumber's mantle fast,
Dreaming I was on the billow,
Sailing through life's mazes past,

Isles of beauty lay extended
On the bosom of the deep,

Fair as flowers and childhood blended,
And as calm as infant's sleep.

As I came among the cluster,
One I saw, among the rest,
That appeared with brighter lustre
And enchantment to be blest.

Gaily then I plied the oar,
This enchanted isle to reach ;
Next I stood upon the shore
Of a pear-embedded beach.

There I seemed to meet the maiden
That in former times I knew,
Sweet as orange-blossoms laden
With the nectar of the dew.

Oh ! the rapture of that meeting
In that wilderness of joys ;
It was like two angels meeting
In some distant paradise.

Though my sailor life be over,
I recall it with regret ;
And a lover and a rover
In my dreams I'm often yet.

Roving o'er the glowing azure—
Sailing o'er the bounding sea,
All the world, and all its treasure,
I would give again to be.

HAPPINESS.

Oh ! come and be happy—
I'll give you the copy—
'Tis one I have studied and practiced long ;
Be social and easy,
Man need not run crazy ;
Therefore, my kind reader, attend to my song.

If sweet one-and-twenty,
And money be plenty,
Then give it away to the humble and poor ;
'Twill give you a pleasure
Unknown to your treasure,
In pain and in sickness, to enter the door.

If fortune be frowning,
Oh ! do not be drowning
Your eyes in a fountain of profitless tears ;
Be up and be cheerful,
Be cozy and careful—
The cloud that looks blackest, the first disappears.

By friends if forsaken,
Betrayed you awaken
To perfidy, falsehood, deception and sin,
Forgive them—'twill shame them,
And often reclaim them,
And peace will remain your companion within.

By love be you wounded,
Transfixed and astounded,
And hopeless your passion should happen to grow,

Keep cool 'till it's over,
Then find a new lover—
The last one's the best one—you'll find it is so.

If single and lonely,
There's you and you only
To sit by the fire-side or trip o'er the dew,
Then close with the women,
And hasten to Hymen—
I havn't tried that, but I recommend you.

If foes try to hurt you,
Be shielded by virtue—
Defeat by her side is a victory won ;—
Though crushed for an hour,
She'll rise in her power,
And you shall be rescued and justice be done.

The road that we travel,
For good or for evil,
Content will make level, and cheerfulness bright ;
Then drive away care,
And do not despair—
Hope's livery wear, and all will come right.

The first of these is the fact that the
 government has been unable to
 secure the necessary funds to
 carry out its policy.

The second is the fact that the
 government has been unable to
 secure the necessary funds to
 carry out its policy.

The third is the fact that the
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The ninth is the fact that the
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 carry out its policy.

SATIRES.

LYING.

OF all the vices now in vogue
With that most universal rogue—
The World—the one, without denying,
Now most in use is that of lying !

'Tis not confined to words alone—
In actions it is often shown :
'Tis written, printed, looked and sung,
All ages, sexes, folks, among.

'Tis whisper'd in the maiden's ear,
To quell suspicion or a fear ;
'Tis sounded in the pompous phrase,
When men would dazzle truth in blaze.

'Tis hawked in streets from morn till night—
For trade 'tis never out of sight,
But drops, like honey, from the tongue,
Indeed, *almost* of every one.

'Tis in the compliment, the smile,
The proffered friendship, all the while :
From words of sweet and gentle sound,
The serpent coils the heart around.

'Tis in the cradle ; there the eye
Of infancy is taught to lie—
Pretending to be fast asleep,
Its mother by its side to keep.

Old Toby, too, with angry whine,
Knows, by some deep, mysterious sign,
His master means not what is said—
When shown the door, he seeks the bed.

But of all lying, I declare,
The worst, and almost everywhere,
Is that about our neighbor's fame,
Her character, or *his* good name.

Oh, Truth ! thou attribute divine !
May thy dear essence still be mine,
To guard me from a sin so crying,
As this prevailing one of lying !

THE ELECTIONEERING.

ONE pleasant day, on mischief bent,
The Whigs came down to Orient ;
By Tip and Tyler they were sent,
For them electioneering, O.

With pompous pride, behold they ride
So lovingly all side by side ;
They hoped our councils to divide
By a little privateering, O.

Arrived, they pat each Democrat—
’Twas Captain This, and Colonel That,
And Cousin John, and Uncle Nat,
So smilingly and jeering, O.

“Come, take a drink—or will you go
And vote for Tip and Tyler ? Lo !
The times are very dark, you know,
And cloudy, and want clearing, O !”

They took us kindly by the hand ;
With manners meek and bearing bland,
They said, “The ship of State to land
Did want a little steering, O !”

The sturdy Democrats they plied
With beer and brandy, and belied
Van Buren and his measures tried,
Insulting him, and swearing, O.”

“Come, vote with us,” they said ; “come, do ;
We’re Democrats as well as you ;
Come, vote for Tip and Tyler too,”
They whispered quite endearing, O.

And then they sung us pretty songs
About our country’s thousand wrongs ;
These Whigs, they have delightful lungs—
But they have lost their hearing, O.

The ballot-box they gathered round,
They questioned, challenged—but they ground
Their teeth like d—l’s when they found
Our little band appearing, O.

True as the soldier to his gun,
True as the day-delighting sun,
True to his country, every one,
Nor threat, nor challenge fearing, O.

Oh ! 'twas a sight, it was a sin
To see the votes go rushing in ;
To see the Whigs grow lean and thin,
And look so lank, and learing, O.

“ What ! not one vote for Tip ! ” they cried,
“ Not one for Tyler, too, ” they sighed,
While the kind Democrats, they tried
To comfort them by cheering, O.

But now kind Whigs my muse I rein,
I would not add unto your pain,
But if you come this way again,
Don't come electioneering, O.

OLD TIMES.

OH ! for the times, the good old times.
And for the blissful spot,
Where, hid among green orchard trees,
Uprose our little cot ;
And for the days, the merry days,
And for the evenings bright,
When, in the moon's enchanting blaze,
Mirth reveled with delight.

When falsehood had not crossed my path,
Nor folly nor deceit,
And hate or enmity or wrath,
Had in the heart a seat ;
When people met each other, all
With soft delicious smiles,
And ere the heart had drank the gall,
That cankers and defiles.

When women staid at home and spun
The yarn that's made of wool,
And not the gossip-tattling one
Of the malicious school ;
Or sat them by the cradle's side
And sung a merry lay,
Content o'er slumber to preside
And sing its lulaba.

Oh ! for the days, the happy days,
When people fed the poor,
Nor all the charity bestowed,
Crossed to a distant shore ;
And when the peddling wight was rare,
And clergymen were few—
And those old Calvinists did wear
Cocked hats above their queue ;

When temperance was a practice, not
A theory so fine
As made the good old farmers cut
Down every tree and vine ;
When people went to meeting, strung
Along in Indian line,

And decently came home and rung
For something good to dine.

Oh ! for the nights, the merry nights,
When dancing was in vogue—
And when it was the sin of sights
To see a rake or rogue ;
When artless love, and soft caress,
And pleasure undefiled,
In unsophisticated dress
Looked on the scene and smiled.

Oh ! for the men, the good old men,
Who velvet breeches wore,
And for the sumptuous living, when
They open kept the door ;
And for the good old women too,
Who many children bore,
Of boys to plough, and girls to woo,
Of each a half a score.

Oh ! for the shout, the merry shout,
Upon the harvest day ;
The wrestling, jumping, merry bout,
Of the old-fashioned way ;
Ere the sly sycophant could bite,
Or the intriguing tool,
Or men had played the parasite,
Or women played the fool.

Alas ! I fear those times are passed,
The good old men, and all
Their virtues, like old garments cast
Behind the garden wall ;

And that a race have risen up,
 To craven and to crawl,
 The hypocrite and prating fop,
 Hyena, and jackal.

WEDLOCK.

How poor a thing is human life,
 Without a sweet-heart or a wife,
 Without a little care and strife,
 To keep the blood in motion ;
 To live a bachelor, and hear
 No music from another sphere,
 As "you stayed late last night, my dear"—
 Is quite a foolish notion.

How pleasant, when our labor's o'er,
 To meet a lady at the door,
 Just going to a dandy store,
 All smiles, perfume and honey ;
 And then to hear the old request,
 Repeated like a witty jest,
 (Faith ! don't you think that husband blest ?)
 "I want a little mo-n-ey."

When dosing in a precious nap,
 Dreaming of some escaped mishap,
 How sweet to have a social rap,
 With "up you wicked sinner ;"
 And then a curtain lecture, thus—
 "Oh ! Mr. Tompkins, where's your purse ?
 Is this the way you're serving us ?
 We've nothing yet for dinner !"

Oh ! how delicious is the bold
Haranguing of a finished scold !
And she a wife, ugly and old !

To him compelled to hear it,
No sound of harpsichord or lute,
Bagpipe, guitar, bass-drum, or flute—
Vesuvius, *Ætna*, Alps to boot—
Can come the touches near it !

A woman's tongue is music still—
So is the clapper of a mill ;
And then her contradicted will
Is balm and consolation !
Ye happy husbands, who obey
Your wives, who always have their way,
Oh ! how I envy you each day
Of sweet humiliation !

Could I outlive a thousand years,
Not one I'd live without the shears,
Or broomstick, round about my ears,
To keep the blood in motion ;
To live a bachelor, and be
Exempt from all life's witchery,
A scolding, hissing, kissing—she,
Is all a foolish notion.

THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

A DOG once in a manger lay,
A growling cur, among the hay,
And thus unto the ox he spoke,
The patient ox that bore the yoke :—
“ So, Mr. Ox, you’ve come again
To eat your hay and oats and grain ;
You shall not eat, and will not I,
But in this manger will I lie.

“ I cannot eat this straw, I know,
’Tis not unto my taste, and so,
Out of pure malice, I declare,
I will not eat, nor shall you dare ;
I am the fittest to give law,
Unto the universal maw ;
From Lapland’s sea-horse to the mole,
My taste is standard for the whole

“ What right have oxen, sure, to chose
What they may eat, or what refuse ;
How can such stupid creatures know
What in their stomachs to bestow ?
All wisdom’s mine, and I propose,
All oxen should their jaws foreclose ;
Your teeth were made for artist’s blocks,
And not for eating, Mr. Ox.”

The gentle ox, unused to slang,
Listened to this absurd harangue,
And longer would the insult bore,
But hunger would accept no more ;

And so he took him on his horn,
 And tossed him into a field of corn,
 And gnashing and growling, there he lay,
 While the merry ox was eating hay.

There are some men, and women too,
 That in the manger lurk, and who
 Affect all others to dispise,
 Who do not see with their good eyes—
 Who do not taste with their sweet tongues,
 And preach with their prophetic lungs ;
 Such shallow brats, who feign would rule,
 Should all be whipped, and sent to school,
 To learn their own dear faults to scan,
 Ere they would teach their fellow-man.

THE MAN ON THE FENCE.

A MAN on the fence is a public expense,
 A thing without virtue, or honor, or sense,
 With his head on a pivot, to turn every side,
 And his legs like a balance, to keep him astride.

He swims with the current, but always his nose
 Is turned where the wind most emphatic'ly blows ;
 He is always a going, just like a wind-mill,
 But in the same spot is located still.

Give me Fed, give me Bucktail, or Whig in his glory,
 King, Commons, Autocrat, Democrat, Tory ;
 But a man on the fence, let me banish him hence,
 He's a drain to my purse, and a useless expense.

He flatters one side, then calls 'tother the best,
Yet its just all, you see, but to feather his nest ;
With a lie on his lip, and deceit on his tongue,
He is false to all parties, and faithful to none.

With ears like a donkey, or rabbit, or hare,
One up, and one down, and one everywhere,
He listens to catch the first sound of success,
But he keeps him his fence, I think, nevertheless.

'Tis his only support, and, although he may lean
On this side, or that side, he'll never, I ween,
Get off of his railing, for should he do so,
His own strength would fail him, and down he would go.

THE INFORMER.

THE base informer, night and day,
Lurks in each alley, to betray
Worth, truth, and honor—casting sly
Looks from each corner of his eye ;
Listens and whispers, nods and winks,
And peeps through key-holes, cracks and chinks ;
Hides under ditches, hedges, fences,
To pilfer private conferences.

He creeps, where pure affections flow,
Like a vile reptile over snow,
Spitting his venom, and his gall,
Where he can worm himself and crawl ;

Or like a spider in his lair,
 Watching his victim to ensnare,
 'Till caught within his slimy meshes,
 He tears him with his harpy tushes.

The base informer is a spy,
 A slanderer, traitor, tattler, lie—
 A secret foe, a treacherous friend,
 A vile traducer, and a fiend—
 Stool-pigeon, go-between, and knave,
 Perfidious hypocrite, and slave ;
 With everybody's business meddling,
 And lies and defamation peddling.

The base informer is, at best,
 A plague, a pestilence, and pest ;—
 A harpy, hanging on to fame—
 A buzzard, lighting on good name ;
 A moral upas, from whose breath
 Flies putrefaction, social death—
 Carbuncle, incubus, excressence,
 And of all vices mean, the essence.

The base informer whines and draws,
 Pretending piety, and crawls
 Into communion, to create
 Malice, suspicion, envy, hate,
 Jealousy, jargon, wrangling, spite,
 All peace and harmony to blight—
 To make what Nature would embellish
 A pandemonium, black and h—h.

THE OFFICE-SEEKER.

THERE is a man about the town,
Before I lay my pencil down,
I will describe unto his face,
Who does all manhood quite disgrace ;
It is the wishy-washy speaker—
The lazy, idle office-seeker.

The strolling, babbling blockhead goes
Wherever he can thrust his nose,
To vend the contents of his skull,
And still more empty ones to gull ;
He steals his words from other's speeches ;
It means but *give*, like other leeches.

To get an office is his aim ;
For this he lives a life of shame ;
For this he scorns each noble trait
That makes man truly wise or great :
Worthless and vile, he takes his station
With falsehood and dissimulation.

He ranges, and he changes sides
Almost as often as the tides ;
And watches, with the keenest glance,
The eccentricities of chance,
Upon some accidental hobby,
To elevate himself—the booby !

Whining and pining, round he strolls,
To pluck the geese and stuff the gulls :

He apes the great, and looks the wise,
And swells to a prodigious size :
He fawns and licks, like any spaniel,
Alike a Zany or a Daniel.

Himself a tame and supple tool,
With others still he plays the fool ;
The vilest reptile that can crawl,
A puppy and a plague to all,
Without the shadow of a principle,
To every sense of shame invincible.

IDLENESS.

Is it not strange, that men can go
Unto some public place, and throw
Their precious hour away,
And in their dull, inglorious ease,
Their taste for idle twaddle please,
Like children at their play ?

Have they no duties to perform—
No hearts neglected, kind and warm,
Their industry demands ;
No children, or no aged sires,
That solace or that care requires,
Or labor, from their hands ?

Have they no benefits received
From friendship's offering—that grieved
Their suffering to see ?

Ah! where no inward feelings burn,
Such debts of friendship to return,
How steeled such hearts must be!

Have they no honor, pride, or shame?
No longing for an honest name
Among their fellow-men?
Oh! if they have, and have they may,
For all I've said, or have to say,
Then let them list my pen.

Though small the talent they possess,
Or more in magnitude or less,
There's something to be done
For every creature, great or small,
Man, brute, or insect—aye, for all
Beneath the watchful sun;

Much for our country, much for those
Beneath the lash of human woes,
And for the poor man's right;
Much for the jewel unrefined,
Hid in the infant's sleeping mind,
To bring it to the light.

Then go, my fellow-sluggard, go;
Dive deep the spade, lift high the hoe—
Use what to thee is given;
Thy slothful couch no longer woo,
But in thy generation do
Something for earth or—Heaven.

MY WIFE, SHE LOVES HER LOOKING-GLASS.

Oh ! I am weary of my life—
I've got a fashionable wife !
My horse is always on the go,
My credit running to and fro.
Peddlers and painters, puppies, beaux,
Distract my ears, offend my nose.
Oh ! I am miserable ! Alas !
My wife she loves her looking-glass !

My wife is beautiful to see—
Small round the middle, like a bee ;
Pale, like the lily ; round her eyes ;
Soft on her cheek the damask lies ;
She steps upon the earth as tho'
It were not fit to meet her toe—
But all her gracefulness must pass
Three hours before the looking-glass.

I don't allow myself to curse ;
But oh ! my poor, my empty purse !
When all its treasure disappears,
I often fill it with my tears.
My wife looks on and laughs and sneers,
And calls me all her pretty dears,
Then gently slaps me on the face,
And flies unto her looking-glass.

Oh ! I am weary of my days,
She has such strange provoking ways ;

My company she ever shuns,
 Except to torture me with duns ;
 I scarcely ever get a smile,
 Unless I pay for it the while ;
 She cries, " Come pony down the brass,"
 Then trips unto her looking-glass.

She hates her broom—" 'twill raise a dust ;"
 " The pot will black"—so lets it rust ;
 My buttons off—" They're vulgar things ;"
 My elbows out—she laughs and sings,
 "*I'd be a butterfly*"—I wish
 She was, or else some other fish—
 She burns the meat, or spoils the sauce,
 Because she loves her looking-glass.

Must I be passive, and repine
 Forever at this lot of mine,
 And sacrifice my life, and all
 My happiness, to dress a doll ?
 No, blast my picture, if I do !
 I'll smash the looking-glass in two !
 I'll not be treated like an ass—
 So, wife, here goes your looking-glass.

THE HYPOCRITE.

YE harping, carping hypocrites,
 Who are such pious folks by fits,
 I doubt a satire seldom hits
 Your holy brood.

Ye are so pure, without a stain,
So richly clad, so full of gain,
'Tis thought presumption, to arraign
Your brotherhood.

To drag you from your secret den
Of infamy, that honest men
May see you as you are, and ken
You everywhere ;
To draw the curtain, where you lurk,
To show them all your dirty work,
To be the painter, and the clerk,
My pen shall dare.

Reader, the hypocrite—I crave
Your pardon—is a thorough knave—
'The passions' most obsequious slave,
In every sense ;
He prays—but always in a crowd ;
He worships—most devoutly loud ;
With holiness he *seems* endowed—
'Tis all pretence.

He preaches charity to man,
Yet pockets every cent he can—
By every artifice and plan,
His purse is filled—
With widow's groans, and orphan's cries,
With hunger's raving melodies,
With pain, and labor's agonies,
In tears distilled.

Smooth is his speech, and smooth his chin;
A whited sepulchre of sin ;
A saint without—the fiend within
He keeps concealed ;
The wolfish heart, that bids him prey
On every victim in his way,
Snugly within his sordid clay,
Lies unrevealed.

He steels his heart against the poor,
The beggar starves before his door ;
At church, he gives three cents, or four,
To get the name
Of being liberal and good ;
Of being righteous understood,
By brother and by sisterhood—
'Tis but his game.

His plans are circumspectly laid,
Deception is his stock in trade,
His part is admirably played ;
Body and soul,
Unto his master-passion bend,
Like slaves unto a human fiend,
While sordid self looks to the end,
And grasps the whole.

He preaches morals, but 'tis plain
Self writes the lecture on his brain,
Some poor distinction to obtain,
Or something worse ;
Perchance to see what can be made,
He hawks his morals for a trade,

As peddlers do their silk and braid,
To fill his purse.

Does there no retribution fell—
No burning, seething, scorching h—l,
Within his stony bosom dwell,
(I fain would know,)
To punish such unfeeling pride,
And God's own image so belied,
Defaced, disfigured, and destroyed ?
It must be so.

THE CURTAIN LECTURE.

Of all the fiends of haggard fate,
A curtain lecture most I hate ;
It comes upon us unprepared,
Asleep, unconscious, off our guard—
Draw me a tooth, my jaw-bone fracture,
But take away a curtain lecture.

When in the arms of rest reposing,
When sweetly dreaming, gently dozing,
Rap, comes a blow upon your pate—
Perchance for staying out so late ;
And then your dear begins to hector,
And harrow with a curtain lecture.

Upon an empty stomach, cruel—
Before you've took your water-gruel,

Tea, coffee, bitters, pie, or apple,
To give you strength with her to grapple--
She rises like a boa-constrictor,
And darts her tongue, and spits her lecture.

I'll fight a ghost, or face a demon,
A bear, or tiger, brute or human ;
But come to claw it with a woman,
Iv'e not sufficient of the Roman ;
I'll coatless run, or else eject her,
Before I'll go a curtain lecture.

I met a friend this morning, early,
Bare-headed, frenzied, frightened fairly ;
"Oh ! why this haste, my worthy crony,"
Quoth I, "Is it for love, or money ?"
"Ah no," he cried, " my benefactor,
I'm fleeing from a curtain lecture."

To fight a duel is a trifle,
With sword or pistol, knife or rifle ;
To eat a horse, or swallow fire,
Is common hocus pocus, Squire ;
But heaven help a man's digester,
Whose stomach bears a curtain lecture.

Oh ! spare us, ladies, in the morning,
Or give us but a little warning,
Or something on our stomachs warming,
Before you do commence your storming ;
Then, if a wife, we will respect her,
And calmly take her curtain lecture.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

WHAT'S the matter with the nation,
 To be in such a flusteration—
 So much noise and interjection ?
 I wish my soul 'twas after election.
 “Come this way, sir, go that way, sir,
 Come to-night, and with me stay, sir—”
 What with Tip, Van Buren, Jackson,
 I'm sure I shall go to distraction.

Some their business are forsaking,
 Some are shouting, some speech-making;
 For such things I have no notion,
 Thus to be in perpetual motion ;
 Some are cheering, some are sneering,
 Great and small are electioneering—
 What with Tip, Van Buren, Jackson,
 I'm sure I shall go to distraction.

Some are writing, some are speaking,
 Some ride post on office-seeking,
 Some look blue, and some look blackish,
 Some look rakish, some opakish,
 Some are pulling, some are hauling,
 Some are puffing, blowing, brawling—
 What with Tip, Van Buren, Jackson,
 I'm sure I shall go to distraction.

Every faction seems in action,
 Every grade, sex, and complexion—
 Lawyers, doctors, judges, fudges—
 To the great convention trudges ;

Some in squads, and some in masses,
Horses, oxen, mules, jackasses—
What with Tip, Van Buren, Jackson,
I'm sure I shall go to distraction.

Whigs, and democrats, and tories,
Ladies, priests, all telling stories ;
Regimental rags, and rummies,
Cider barrels, talkers, dummies,
All appear in bobalation,
To my sorrow and vexation—
What with Tip, Van Buren, Jackson,
I'm sure I shall go to distraction.

Is this precious noise, I wonder,
To bring the dear people under
Some huge paw, or legal fetter,
To make them worse, or make them better ?
I can tell the cause, I guess, sir,
But 'twould give me great distress, sir—
What with Tip, Van Buren, Jackson,
I'm sure I shall go to distraction.

SELFISHNESS.

THERE is a class of people born,
I would hold up to public scorn,
That they who deign to read my verse,
May shun their character and curse ;
May put their shoulders to the wheel
To teach the hardened wretch to feel

For others, but his own descendants,
His family, or else dependents.

Heartless and lifeless, but for self—
The God they worship, still is Self ;
Self rules, contaminates the whole,
Contracts the form, congeals the soul—
Honor and conscience, all are sold,
Victims unto the love of gold,
Their object all mankind to gammon,
For their idolatry of Mammon.

You'll know them when you see them by
Their sallow cheek, and leaden eye,
Their skinny hands, their bony limb,
Their form all ghastly—ghostly slim ;
Like some fell spirit, fed with bile,
They only grin, they never smile ;
They eat by ounces, sleep but little—
They can't afford nor time nor victual.

They let their best affections rust,
They grind the poor into the dust ;
They shave and gouge, and pluck and claw,
Green Jonathans and Paddy raw ;
No art too mean, no trick too low,
If they but make a cent or so.
They keep their pensions and their places,
Because they dress in lawns and laces.

Rapine, that's legal theft in vogue,
With these they love to play the rogue,

Because they help them to a face,
And shield them from deserved disgrace ;
Some little reputation's meet,
To help them carry out the cheat—
Thus, when the wronged would put the lash on,
They steal by law, cheat in the fashion.

They rob the halter of its due,
They balk the Judge and Jury too,
And yet they do it all so civil—
Were he a man, they'd cheat the devil ;
Not that I deem them superhuman,
For they were born like me of woman,
But they have fallen from their nature,
God's image, to an abject creature.

Is there no help ? alas ! there's none !
Self turns the human heart to stone ;
Steel'd avarice the passions guide,
'Till the whole man is petrified.
Ah ! why this human sacrifice
Of mortal man before he dies,
His heart, his best affections, wasted ;
His noble nature, crushed and blasted ?

BACKBITING.

THERE is a madness, not canine,
It never was, nor shall be mine,
If I can help it ;
'Tis they who 've lost their shame and sense,
Who breathe this moral pestilence,

That nightly yelp it,
That in this present hasty writing,
I shall denominate Backbiting.

This fair warm weather 'tis the worst,
This fell disease, and most accurst—
It bites the keenest ;
The rabid wretches crowd the way,
And froth and sputter all they say,
In terms the meanest ;
It is too gross for my inditing,
This frothy, Billingsgate Backbiting.

You'll know them by their restless eye,
Seeking some victim to espy—
Their rapid glances ;
Their listening attitude ; their form
Bent forward, creeping like a worm,
Looking for chances,
To gratify their rage for blighting
Fair character, by their Backbiting.

Their snake-like visage, sharp and long,
Protruding teeth, and viper tongue,
Always in motion ;
Their panther step, and vulture leer,
Their wild-goose neck, and jack-ass ear,
And words an ocean—
Like buzzards everywhere alighting,
To pick up filth for their Backbiting.

They go, to gratify their hate,
Where honest people congregate,

In public places ;
They dress their features in disguise,
And fill their mouths with pleasant lies—
Smiles on their faces ;
Their friendships they are always plighting,
To seek occasion for Backbiting.

Sometimes they undertake to preach—
Sometimes they undertake to teach
Their fellow creatures ;
Woe be unto the public peace,
The healthy happiness and ease,
Where they are teachers ;
They'll set a paradise to fighting,
By slander, libel, and backbiting.

Now, reader, whosoe'er you be,
Turn from the rabid wretch and flee
The cursed connection—
Pandora's box, Medusa's head,
Contained less horrors dire and dread
Than this infection—
That goes about the world delighting
In fiendish, frenzied, fell Backbiting.

THE FROG AND THE OX.

A Story for Children, grown or otherwise, by Esop.

COME, little men, and hear me tell
A story of as great a *swell*
As ever tried, since Adam fell,
His fellow creatures to excel.

One day it happened that a Frog,
That lived within a hollow log,
Unknown, and happily incog,
Saw a great Ox hard by him jog.

Previous to that unblest event,
The Frog had always been content,
And hopped about and came and went,
Where'er his inclination bent.

But now a passion—'tis the trait
Of many—seized him to be great;
He wished his body to inflate
So as to reach the Ox's rate.

Straightway he 'gan to puff and blow—
A Frog can swell himself you know,
Unto a very stately show,
In his own estimation—so

He thought himself; his mates, amazed,
Upon the operation gazed;
Some sneered, while others cheers raised—
Some bowed and flattered, puffed and praised.

All this our hero did despise,
And still increased himself in size;
It pained him much, but yet his eyes,
Beheld the Ox—again he tries.

And *burst*ed! in a moment goes,
Head, arms, and hands, and eyes and nose;
But where his poor remains repose,
Nobody cares, Frog's friends or foes.

Now children, let us, you and I,
 No such experimenting try,
 As with great oxen thus to vie,
 And Frog-like burst ourselves and die.

NUMBER ONE.

WHERE are those gallant men of old,
 Of whom we've heard such legends told ;
 Those high-souled, patriotic men,
 Their like we ne'er shall see again ;
 Those glorious fav'rites of a world,
 Who freedom's banner once unfurled—
 Who made their country's cause their own,
 Without a thought for No. 1 ?

They've gone, and left their trophies here,
 To them so glorious and so dear ;
 A proved and sacred legacy,
 For us its guardians to be,
 That we might share their matchless fame—
 But while I write I blush with shame,
 To hear each base, degenerate son,
 Cry " We'll take care of No. 1.

" I care not be the country sold,
 But give me wealth—but give me gold—
 And fame may blow until he burst,
 But not for me—I'm for the dust ;
 I'll play the parasite, and cheat
 My country with my smooth deceit

And bow and cringe, and cringe and fawn,
Lo ! I take care of No. 1."

A haggling, straggling, snakish, rude,
And calculating multitude
Of spurious, sentimental things—
Called men—stuck o'er with rings and strings,
Have risen up, and took the place
Of that all-glorious gallant race,
No longer known—whose mawkish tone,
Is still take care of No. 1.

They crowd the shambles o'er the earth,
Making for foreign critics mirth,
To see them sacrifice for wealth,
Fame, honor, happiness and health ;
Their grov'ling souls and venal creed,
In every lineament I read—
Features of lead and hearts of stone,
Declare their idol—No. 1.

Shades of a Franklin and Rousseau,
Runs patriotism's ebb so low ?
Has all the genius of an age,
The brightest on the historic page,
That won our birthright and our soil,
Become of Avarice the spoil ?
Forbid it noble spirits flown,
And perish rather—No. 1.

A country free !—who would prefer
A narrow selfishness to her ;
And for a sordid thirst for gain,
The escutcheon of his fathers stain ?

Let him a paper dollar grow
Of some old broken bank, and blow
Away—where Malapar* hath blown,
And there take care of No. 1.

ANCIENTS AND MODERNS—A COMPARISON.

It is said, each generation
Groweth wiser than the last,
And that by a sure gradation,
Man improveth on the past.

'Tis a fair deceit as ever
Human vanity conceived,
And subscribe to it, I'll never,
While by me 'tis unbelieved.

See her monuments of glory,
Scattered round fair Asia's land ;
Read, and marvel at her story,
So conspicuously grand.

Bring a Phidias and a Solon,
Or Praxiteles to me,
And I'll show how men have fallen
From their glorious ancestry.

* Eugene Malapar, Cashier of the sham Marble Manufacturing Bank, now keeps a cellar at the Five Points in conjunction with a negro laundress.

Every broken arch and column,
By th' eternal ivy bound,
Speaks a language sad and solemn,
“ We were by immortals crowned.”

Read of Babylon, her armies,
And her gardens hung in air,
And the conquering Semiramis—
What with such can now compare ?

Hear their orators declaiming,
In their crowded Capitol,
And ten thousand hearts inflaming,
By the magic of their call.

Sons of Anak, and Goliaths,
Gogs and Magogs, we have none ;
We have dwindled from our sires,
Both in muscle and in bone.

Once the Mammoth and Mastodon,
Ranged the mountains and the plains ;
How it doth the senses sadden,
To contemplate their remains.

For it teaches we have fallen
From the races gone before,
And degeneracy stolen
All the beautiful of yore.

I could even bring their Ladies,
With our moderns to compare,
But I'd soon be found in Hades
Should I meddle with the Fair.

For Solomon, he was over-kind,
One clear delusion filled his mind,
Like certain people now who travail
Some knotty question to unravel ;
He could not fathom why his Dapple
Fed not as well as other people.

For Solomon thought, as people do,
Who but one object have in view ;
He felt his motives generous were,
For other's rights too blind to care ;
He thus was led, by wayward fancies,
Into unpleasant circumstances.

So Solomon thought the day until
His brother sent him to the mill ;
Now Solomon he was loth to ride,
But chose, on foot his ass to guide ;
'Twere well for him, as matters ended,
Had he to this safe step attended.

But Solomon deemed it was not fair,
That Dapple, bags of wheat should bear,
And much contrivance had bestowed,
To ease him of his weary load ;
But Solomon King, was never famed
For wisdom, though so wisely named.

Thus, as they trudged along apace,
A light appeared in Solomon's face ;
Quoth he, " By gosh, I have it now"—
Then clapt his hand upon his brow,
Perchance t' assist his pregnant brain,
Which long in embryo thoughts had lain.

“I have it now,” quoth he, delighted,
Then with the bags his shoulders freighted ;
“Now Dap, I bear the bags, you see,
And you shall only *carry me* ;”
Thus saying, he poor Dapple mounted—
The bags he now no longer counted.

The water-mill it had a dam,
Also a bridge—on this they came ;
Two bags, and Solomon made three—
This staggered Dap’s philosophy ;
He reeled beneath the triple weight,
While Solomon he sat elate.

Thinking his shoulders bore the load,
Not Dapple, he applied the goad ;
This was too much, th’ envenomed nail
Threw Dapple’s feet against the rail,
And bags, and ass, and Solomon,
Into a miry slough were thrown.

Not caring there himself to stick,
Dapple began to plunge and kick ;
And struggling, with disaster dire,
Our hero warred with kicks and mire ;
Splashing and floundering in the mud,
Covered with wounds, and filth, and blood.

“Curse on the ass,” aloud he cried,
“Once my delight, my joy, my pride ;
Oh ! never will I mount again
Thy murd’rous back, to ease thy pain ;
A brute you are, a jackass be—
Curse on the ass, oh ! curse on thee !”

But, I'm sure, this generation,
 Is the lowest of the low,
 And, that by a sure gradation,
 Men shall soon to pigmies grow.

THE FIRST VIOLET—A WISH.

'Twas a bandied gossip, when I was boy,
 That the flower first beheld in the Spring,
 Did a favorite wish then the moment employ,
 Its fulfilment the Season would bring.

Yester-morn, as I walked, half concealed from my view,
 A vi'let, the first I had seen,
 Unfolded its vestments, empearled in the dew,
 All fresh in its bower of green.

And straightway I thought of the sweetest of hours,
 When we played on the rivulet's brink,
 And wished, as we plucked from the bank the young flowers,
 So *I wished*, but for what do you think ?

I wished not for wealth, for it bringeth but care,
 Go mammen, I said, not to thee
 Will I vote this young beauty, so modest and fair,
 For all thou canst furnish to me.

Nor was it for wisdom, for wisdom is vain,
 So the wise king of Israel said ;
 Nor yet was it glory, nor greatness, the twain
 Are not worth a seruple of lead.

Nor for office—no, no, for that is the path
Beset with the hissings of strife,
With the venom of envy, the fury of wrath,
To destroy all the sweetness of life.

Nor for women or wine, for poor Richard declares,
They bring poverty, want, and distress,
Tho' I cannot conceive, how the Ladies, the dears,
Should be made for aught else but to bless.

Nor for fame did I wish—for its breath I disown
From this age—and may Heaven forbid—
But I wished, ere the year should expire, to be shown
To a man truly honest—I did !

THE STORY OF SOLOMON KING ;

Or, a Mirror for the Abolitionists.

SOME time in the last century,
As dates and gossip tales agree,
There lived a man—though hard to sing
His name—they call it Solomon King—
And also story down hath sent us,
That he was hardly *compos mentis*.

Now Solomon's brother had an ass—
Unlucky as it came to pass—
A stupid, dull, and dozy thing,
Which had the love of Solomon King ;
And oft at night-fall he was fain,
To steal for him his neighbor's grain.

Now reader, whether wise, or booby,
Consider ere you mount a hobby ;
For chances ten there are to one,
You're worsely served than Solomon ;
For he, with Dap, got out at last,
But you may stick forever fast.

THE COMET.*

AWAKE, Dr. Hodges, you stupid old quack,
Don't you see that the comet is now on its track ?
Why don't you prepare us with something to take,
That will stand fire, and water, also an earthquake ?

Awake, you old drone, nor go moping about,
To physic dyspepsia, and bandage the gout,
When the whole world, in Autumn, is destined to go
To the regions above, or the regions below.

Away with your blisters, away with your pills,
Come put on your hat, let us go to the hills,
For the plains will be water, the forest all fire—
Let us climb up the hills, since we can get no higher.

The plough, Mr. Farmer, you might as well stop,
You may sow, and may reap, but you'll lose all your crop,
For the comet will come in a terrible pet,
And will thrash out your wheat, and your barn overset.

*This satire was composed about the year 1832, when it was supposed by some, that its approach would cause the destruction of the earth.

Then a truce to your toil, and a truce to your pain,
For to labor for nought, is to labor in vain ;
Dig a hole in the earth, bid your cattle adieu,
When the comet is gone, you may sprout up anew.

The sea will boil over, the earth it will crack ;
The sun will look blue, and the moon will look black ;
And your pipe, my Aunt Susy, a hissing will make,
And its stem will coil up like a horrible snake.

Young ladies, we pity your terrible plight,
A comet's embraces for you are too tight—
Go make a balloon of each fathomless *sleeve*,
And from this dull earth take your beautiful leave.

And when you arrive at some peace-loving star,
Proclaim, through the heavens, the comet's fell war,
And send us a fleet of their star-rigged batteaux,
To take off your papas, and mammas, and beaux.

Then awake, Dr. Hodges, you stupid old quack,
Don't you see that the comet is just at your back ?
Arouse and prepare us with something to take,
That will stand fire, and water, also an earthquake.

CHEATING UNCLE SAM.

THE wicked and vile, are all the while
Endeavoring to make the public their spoil,
By every method they can ;
Defaulter and thief are taking their leave,
With Uncle Sam in their pocket or sleeve—
Oh ! give us an honest man.

There's none to trust with glittering dust,
For all alike appear to be cursed,
With an ever itching palm ;
They break their troth, and break their oath—
They care not a fig for one nor both,
Nor for their country a d—n.

The accomplished rogue is all in vogue,
Whom 'twould be vulgar to hang or flog—
A fashionable villain hang ?
No, fill your pocket, and off like a rocket,
Or else to Texas, like Davy Crocket,
And you'll soon be heroic slang.

We are often taught how Judas was bought,
And then how his neck in a halter was caught—
But our Judases have a new plan ;
They cheat and betray Uncle Sam every day,
And then to the sheriff and halter they say :
“ Now catch us, my boys, if you can.

To live honest and straight, is a thing out of date—
'Tis better to learn to lie and to prate,
To humbug the people, and gull
Them out of their sense, and out of their pence,
Than tell them to trust them a hundred year hence—
There's nothing like making a fool.

I grieve to behold my countrymen, sold
To the slavery of self, and the passion for gold,
A disgrace to their patriot sires,
Who peril'd their all, to release them from thrall,
And who sleep in the sod that was gained by their fall—
Now trodden by swindlers and liars.

The wicked and vile are all the while
Endeavoring to make the public their spoil,
By every method they can ;
But tho' masked and disguised they are soon recognized,
And are seen with contempt, and spurned, and despised,
By the patriot and honest man.

HUMAN GREATNESS.

WHEN I read in ancient story
All the wonders of the past,
Of the greatness and the glory,
Gone to ruin and to waste,
I am struck with a misgiving,
Human greatness and a name
Are not worth, unto the living,
All the merit which they claim.

Where is Babylon, the wonder
And the mistress of the world ?
All her walls are rent asunder,
And her domes to ruin hurled.
Rome is mouldering in her ashes,
Ancient Nineveh is dumb,
And no Homer's genius flashes
O'er the fields of Ilium.

Lo ! Jerusalem is sleeping
On deserted Syria's plain—
Desolation walketh weeping
O'er the millions of her slain ;

All her pride is in her valley—
All her temples in her tomb—
And the midnight robbers rally
Round her palaces of gloom.

Though the pyramid be breasting
Still the ravages of time,
And the kings who built them resting
In their monuments sublime ;
To the elements and ages,
Though they still refuse to bend,
Time has written on his pages—
Pyramids must have an end.

When the monuments and cities
Of departed time I scan,
Deep my human nature pities,
All the poor pursuits of man ;
Humbled pride points to the column,
And the relic on the ground,
And ambition's step is solemn,
O'er the marble and the mound.

Fame, beholds oblivion follow
All his noise and trumpeting—
And bright glory's dazzling halo
Setteth pale and perishing.
Human greatness, what a bubble—
Human passion, what a snare
Have ye been to man, so noble,
To allure, and leave him bare !

STRANGE PURSUITS.

STRANGE, that a mortal man should be
Proud of himself or ancestry—
And look with a stern and scornful eye
On his humble fellow that passeth by,
And turn with a haughty look away ;
A being of dust, and a creature of clay.

Strange, that the fleeting children of men,
Whose years are numbered three-score and ten,
Whose days are uncertain, and whose pleasures and pain
Are so equally balanced there's nothing to gain,
Should cling to life with a grasp so strong—
A bubble at best, and a dying song.

Strange, that a man should seek for fame,
And toil all his life for a short-lived name—
And by the lamp of the midnight pore,
To win the wisdom of the wise of yore—
While o'er Babylon's site, and Palmyra's plain,
Desolation cries—"It was all in vain !"

But stranger by far, to see him stand,
With a fiery eye and a fearless hand,
Ready to plunge his dagger's dart,
Into the depth of a brother's heart—
Then wear the wreath thus stained with blood,
Up to the altar of a righteous God.

But stranger by far than all of these,
Is to see a mortal upon his knees—

With suppliant hand and uplifted eye,
Unto the throne above the sky—
Praying its wrath might quickly fall
Upon his foes, and destroy them all.

And this is the being who occupies
A point between two eternities ;
The past is gone—and the future's to come,
While he soon must sleep in an earthy tomb—
Alas ! what profiteth it to scan
The mystery of life, and the nature of man ?

HUMAN INCONSISTENCY.

AH ! why should man, by passion swayed,
Be into error's path betrayed ;
Be caught in evil's treacherous snare,
And left a captive prisoner there ;
When by so many lessons taught
Where folly has her victims brought,
Where treach'rous pride has left her friends,
And fierce ambition's struggle ends ?

When taught how Avarice for his slave
Painfully digs a golden grave,
And to perpetuate his shame,
Writes on a marble slab his name ;
How Pleasure with her syren song,
Lures her pale votaries along,
With prophecies of future bliss,
Down to destruction's precipice ;

When by Time's winged herald taught,
How soon the greatest are forgot,
How Glory's victim bleeding—slain,
Cries out, "How vain, how madly vain"—
How tyrants to transmit a name,
Left an inheritance of shame
Unto their country, and their age,
To blot poor human Nature's page:—

'Tis strange when taught by every ill,
Man should repeat his follies still—
That all the vain conceits he tries,
Should never teach him to be wise;
When every record of his race,
Holds up a mirror to his face
To learn him wisdom, and to tell
Him how his predecessors fell.

The shoals are buoyed, the rocks are seen,
And the deep channel smooth between,
Where Safety holds his lamp on high,
For the poor wanderer to espy—
But all the warning is in vain,
The fated ship is wrecked again,
And all its worth, as heretofore,
Is lost on passion's tempest shore.

OLD CASTLES.

Old castles there are many,
Frowning above the sea,
But what is that to any,
Or, reader, you or me;—

Their lords were feudal felons,
Their tenantry were slaves,
They led their vassals to the field,
To furnish them with graves.

Oh ! cruel was the power
Of those insatiate men ;
From battlement and tower
They hurled their foes, and then
They banqueted in gore,
And drank from human skulls ;
Their barb'rous reign is o'er,
Fair liberty annuls.

Festooned around with flowers
Their silent walls are seen ;
The bat is in their bowers,
The lizard on their green ;
The banquet hall is lighted
By savage beaming eyes,
And the robber's faith is plighted
Beneath their canopies.

The revel that is there,
Is of the feasting worm,
And the music of the *heir*
Is the howling of the storm ;
The bear is in the parlor,
The panther in the hall—
Come all ye odious creatures,
Ho ! to the festival.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

ALACK ! alack ! has it come to this,
That a man must be hung, let it hit or miss—
Strung up like a kitten for boys to hiss

Him off of the stage ?

And those perchance no better than him,
As deeply involved in vice and crime—

Oh ! this is a doctrine most sublime

In a Christian age.

Who is there can tell the degree of guilt,
The causes and motives, when blood is spilt—
Why the structure of mind was so viciously built ?

But God alone ;

Who is there can follow the mazes that brought
The victim to such a deplorable lot,
What hardened the heart, and perverted the thought
When the deed was done ?

Who is there so perfect can balance it—who
The proportion of guilt and the punishment due,
Since Cain his poor brother in wickedness slew ?

I think there is none—

But should there, indeed, such a judge be found,
So upright, so wise, so just and profound,
As to tell when the halter deserves to be wound,
Let his will be done.

Let him mount up the scaffold with halter in hand,
And bind round the eyes of his victim a band,
And the blood of his fellow flow at his command,
As he struggling dies ;

Let the shout of the multitude follow the deed,
That a soul has been lost beyond hope or remeedy,
While the hearts of the merciful shudder and bleed
At the sacrifice.

Will the incense that smokes on the trembling sod,
The incense of blood be accepted by God ;
Can the criminal's death pay the price of the blood
Crime had taken away ?
Will the reign of the righteous be ever restored,
Where the goddess of Mercy is ever adored,
Where the shedding of blood is not hated, abhorred,
Ye death advocates, say ?

OLD PEOPLE AND NEW, OR AUNT PATTY.

I KNOW some old people much better than new—
Once they were many, now they are few,
But enough there are left of the old kidney still,
To inform us the race is descending the hill.

There's old Uncle Jermy, is one of the kind,
And Shadrac, his brother, is not far behind ;
They mind their own business and let others be,
A very good plan, reader, for you and me.

They don't go a gadding to find something out,
Or see what their neighbors and friends are about,
But they keep their own counsel and mind their own hook,
And lay by the dollars, I guess, "like a book."

And there is Aunt Patty—so tidy the whiles,
She *plays* with her shuttle, and *dresses* in smiles ;
She paints her own cheeks, and *bustles* about,
And *stays* at her home, when her husband is out.

She *sings* to her children, and waltzes a reel,
Her *theatre*, home, and her *music*, the wheel ;
Her *card* but inviteth the flax and the fleece,
And her *party* is honor, health, virtue, and peace.

On these old-fashioned people, and there is more yet,
I look with a pleasure, and yet with regret—
For they and their virtues are fast giving place
To a butterfly, idle, contemptible race.

A few years, and where will the music be found,
Of the wheel buzzing melody, merrily round ;
A few years and where will Diogenes then,
Light a candle to find the old species of men ?

As in Athens of old, so I fear very soon,
Here a man can't be seen, except him in the moon ;
And the women so lauded in Solomon's verse,
Some fool of a poet, like me, may rehearse.

One image of buckram, another of gauze,
Are Lady and Gentlemen reckoned, because
They are just good for nothing but mountebank show—
So Ladies and Gentlemen, now you may go.

PERFECTION.

Is THERE a tongue that never lied—
A heart unknown to human pride—
An ear that flattery hath not found
A willing listener to its sound ?
Is there a mind so pure that nought
Hath ever entertained but thought
As pure as chrystal waters flow,
Melted from mountain wreaths of snow ?
A hand so clean that sordid gold
Hath never hid within its hold,
When charity, with humble prayer,
Meekly petitioned for its share ?
A breast whence, passion never drove
Away the peace-inspiring dove,
And left the vulture there, to prey
Of fell remorse, from day to day ?

Is there a foot that never strayed
Into the paths of vice, and made
Excuses longer there to stay,
When virtue pointed out the way ?
An eye, that never viewed and scorned
The virtuous man, in rags adorned,
And homage paid unto the great,
Whose only merit was his state ?
Doth there a man or woman live,
Who never did occasion give,
Of some sweet scandal that was true,
Then dodged the arrow as it flew ?

If still a character so fair
Shine on the earth, pray let it bear
The palm of victory, and stone
The rest—for 'tis the *only one*.

KNOWLEDGE.

COME tell me, ye who search the skies,
Contemplate and soliloquize,
Above, around ;
Is knowledge, when attained by us,
A thing for better or for worse—
Is it a blessing or a curse
Corroding wound ?

If for a blessing, why is pain
The penalty, by which we gain
Its hidden store ?
Why must we wind a tedious road,
Ambition stinging like a goad,
While every step adds to a load,
Too great before ?

Why must we all the sweets forego,
The happy ignorance of woe,
Before it came ?
And when the light of truth we win,
Why doth it show the way of sin,
And the ten thousand, wandering in
Its path of shame ?

And when we deem us greatly wise,
Why do we look with tearful eyes,
 Upon the past,
When wisdom's page was unrevealed,
And knowledge was a volume sealed,
And we had never trod the field,
 So wide, so vast ?

And when we ask the human heart,
Some lovely image to impart,
 Why start and stare,
As we its finest cords unwind,
With tender touches true and kind,
Dismayed and horror-struck to find
 A monster there ?

When, like a plainly written scroll,
Our thoughts can read the human soul,
 So wide, so deep,
And like the ancient Hebrew sage,
We've read it through, from youth to age—
Why do we shut the awful page,
 And turn and weep ?

If knowledge be a blessing, why
Doth man alone know he must die,
 And fear his fate ?
Come tell me, ye who search the skies,
Contemplate and soliloquize,
Is it a blessing to be wise,
 In knowledge great ?

WEDLOCK A SPECULATION.

WHEN first I looked at human life,
I thought it wise to take a wife,
 And help along creation ;
But how to gain the softer sex,
My mind did very sorely vex—
I dreamed not what seemed so complex
 Was all a speculation.

I looked with smiles, and sighed profound,
On all the rosy cheeks around,
 All lily and carnation ;
But soon I found, such pranks she played,
Love was a mercenary jade—
That getting money was her trade,
 And wedlock—speculation.

I learned on instruments to play,
And soft and pretty things to say,
 And sang to admiration ;
But I was poor !—and to my cost,
I found that all my time was lost—
That I was deemed by girls, at most,
 A sorry speculation.

I asked my grand-ma if 'twere so
When she was young, and she said—" No !"
 With solemn indignation ;
" 'Twas then the fashion for a maid
To love with all her heart"—she said—
" Nor marriage ever was a trade,
 Or wedlock speculation,"

“The girls all fell in love at sight,
 And loved with all their heart and might
 Thro’ life without cessation ;
 The people then were honest folks,
 And marriage was not all a hoax,
 For upstart fops to cheat and coax
 Into a speculation.”

I asked her then what I should do
 In such a case ;—she told me to
 Adopt another nation ;
 Where female worth was never sold,
 To bloated wealth or blear-eyed gold—
 Where marriage is no heartless, cold,
 Stock-jobbing speculation.

A PICTURE OF MAN.

THE snow is falling on the ground,
 The wind is rudely rushing round ;
 I muse in gloomy thought profound,
 On all the ills,
 The world that fills—
 That human life is heir to.

The summer’s heat, the winter’s cold,
 The hot pursuit for worthless gold—
 Man, growing feeble, gray and old,
 His noble self,
 The prey of pelf,
 Its penalties and care, too.

Unknowing all his future fate,
Pursuing with relentless hate
His fellow man, early and late,

He never tires

'Till he expires ;

I wonder how he dare to.

A wealthy sot, a plodding fool,
Adversity his only school—

His wicked heart the passions' pool,

He lives and dies,

To his surprise !

And deems it quite *unfair*, too.

Exhibiting a loathsome pride,
While standing even death beside,
And the grave's portals open wide,

With haughty pace,

He ends his race—

The goal that all repair to.

Destruction and oppression's slave,
He rides upon a gory wave ;
In taking life he's only brave.

He seeks abroad

To drench his sword,

To mutilate, and tear too.

To contemplate my fellow-man,
His moral picture if to scan,
'Tis all defaced, since time began,

By every crime,

In every clime—

I cannot, cannot, bear to.

Is there no hope ?—my brother, rise
From this pollution and be wise ;
God will assist the heart that tries—
 Come to the pool,
 Be washed and whole,
And gladly I'll be there, too.

THE FISHING PARTY.

ONCE Cleopatra and her beau,
 Love's pastime to beguile ;
To view that river's giant flow,
And Egypt's valley all in glow,
 Went fishing on the Nile.

And mighty men from lands afar,
 To grace the sport had come,
With bolt, and brand, and scimitar,
Raised by that thunder-bolt of war,
 Mark Antony, of Rome.

Yet in that pageant, there was one
 With majesty of mien,
Eclipsed by lords and ladies none—
The brightest gem of Egypt's throne,
 Egypt's all beauteous Queen.

With baited hooks the noble pair
 Their sparkling reeds let fall ;
The Queen with subtle art and care,
The wary victims to ensnare,
 To pique the General.

First, fortune was on Egypt's side—
The Queen was conqueror,
And bore her triumph o'er the tide,
With shouts and laughter, to deride
The haughty Triumvir.

Next day the sporting was essayed,
With eagerness and glee;
And fortune now the truant played,
And seemed most bounteously to aid
The skill of Antony.

The Queen beheld the strange success,
But quite concealed her rage,
And to her magi, in distress,
She whispered him the trick to guess;
When thus replied the sage:

“Mark Antony this trick has planned—
So says this sacred book;
His divers, by his wise command,
Dive with the fish held in their hand,
And fix them on his hook.”

The Queen a diver had, could swim
Like salmon in the sea;
She took a well cooked fish to him,
To gratify a wicked whim,
And gibe Mark Antony.

“Go place this cooked and pickled fish
Upon his hook the while—

'Tis ready for my hero's dish—
And I'll dine with him, if he wish,"
The Queen said with a smile.

The Consul felt the nibble, and
Before his divers came,
Drew the unlucky fish to land,
While shouts arose on every hand,
To aggravate his shame.

And now, young gentlemen, who strive
To take the ladies in,
Take care what kind of tricks you drive,
Lest in your folly you contrive,
A pickled fish to win.

THE SWINDLER.

In this brief paragraph I write,
I have nor envy, hate, or spite ;
But when men trample on the laws
Of honor, then there is a cause
For censure, satire, and invective,
To bring among us a corrective.

A man of honor keeps his word,
And day, and date, is not deferred :
He never promises, to balk,
But meets the charge, and toes the chalk ;
His word he deems his greatest treasure--
To pay his debts his greatest pleasure.

But there are some who go about,
To cheat an honest public out
Of their money and their sense,
Whose course admits of no defence ;
They borrow money, and I say it,
They never mean again to pay it.

Their sweetened words are smooth as oil—
They're ever ready to beguile ;
They throw some dust before your eyes,
Then make your purse an easy prize ;
The human heart they melt and soften,
And I have seen them do it often,

Some pretty story they will drawl,
Until your tears begin to fall—
Of some mishap, or some distress,
And then they coax, and tease, and bless—
You hear their tale of sad disaster,
Your tears begin to trickle faster.

And now your purse is in your hand,
Your trembling fingers loose the band,
You give your money to a—knave,
And time discovers you the shave ;
His hand has been into your pocket—
You see yourself a dupe, a blockhead.

MORAL, SENTIMENTAL, DESCRIPTIVE, PASTORAL, &c.

SPACE.

I OFTEN gaze in silent wonder
Around the mighty Heavens, and ponder
Alone upon the orbs that wander
 Around the sky.

The worlds that wade in ether's ocean,
And hide in distance e'en their motion,
Excite my awe and deep devotion—
 Ah ! what am I ?

Compared with the unnumbered splendors
That shine through Heaven's eternal windows,
All human thought to thee surrenders,
 Infinity.

System on system never ending,
Their lesser lights and greater blending ;
Unto what region are they tending
 Eternally ?

Into what depths, thought never entered,
Are all their mighty motions centered,
Where science yet hath never ventured,
 Nor poesy ?

What fields of light lie unexplored,
Where human thought hath never soared!
With myriad worlds thy realm is stored
Immensity.

Man, though an atom, still is blended
With all unseen, uncomprehended;
Deem not thyself then unbefriended,
Mortality.

The power that gave the insect being,
Though all unseen is ever-seeing;
Oh! who can grasp its wise decreeing?
Frail man, not thee.

Thou art a world in thy formation,
And in thy mind a constellation
Of glorious light!—with education
And Liberty.

Then learn *thyself*, and seek no more,
A world is in thee to explore—
Be meek and humble, and adore
The Deity.

THOUGHT.

WHEN Thought, an angel from the skies
Had left the realms of paradise,
Its glorious mission to fulfill,
Directed by the Eternal Will,

It sped o'er all the universe
And saw what man shall ne'er rehearse—
And grasping the stupendous whole,
At last espied the human soul.

Helpless and still on earth it lay,
Enshrouded in a form of clay—
Lovely and graceful to behold,
Just as it left its Maker's mould ;
A jewel in a clod so fair
Had ne'er been seen as sparkled there ;
“ I've found what I so long have sought,
I'll win and wear this gem,” said Thought.

“ I'll give it language, truth, and light,
And knowledge for another sight ;
I'll lend it spirit wings to fly,
To search the sea, the earth, the sky ;
I'll give it eloquence to tell
The wonders that around it dwell ;
And beautiful among the rest,
I'll give it love to make it blest.

“ I'll call reflection to its aid,
And give it wisdom, heavenly maid,
Its noble passion to inflame
To deeds of honor, greatness, fame ;
I'll build a road, and by its side
Plant flowers in every color dyed,
And call it Virtue—and in this
I'll lead the human soul to bliss.”

Then quick as lightning's swiftest ray,
Thought rushed into the astonished clay ;

Then from its eyes of azure beam,
There poured of light, a living stream,
That spread around, as ripples glide
In rapid circles o'er the tide,
Until the world all fresh and new,
Burst on the child's enraptured view.

Now see it from its cradle bound,
And gaze with joyous wonder round
On the blue Heaven, and on the bright
Mosaic that receives its light ;
That hapless form, that lately lay
A helpless clod of beauteous clay,
Behold it now, the wondrous whole,
A thinking, moving, living soul.

Now, reader, see what thought can span,
Look at the intellectual man,
His action, reason, words, and skill,
And be a skeptic if you will ;
Sleep in your kennel or your sty,
Say that you'll eat, and drink, and die ;
Be through your life a thing of naught,
Perish in night, and banish——Thought.

THE MARCH OF MIND.

I stood upon a ray of light
When time had just begun,
When chaos leaped from ancient night
And fled before the sun ;

I saw the sparkling atoms meet
That formed each mighty star,
And worlds careering at my feet
In ether's depths afar.

Each in its order took its place,
And marched its circles round,
Each bright inhabitant of space
Knew his allotted bound ;
I marveled how so many gems,
Linked in each other's rays,
Could all perform their stated times,
Their seasons, and their days.

Again, I stood upon a cloud,
The fields were green below,
The trees were trimmed, the earth was ploughed,
And corn began to grow ;
And man was there with loftymien,
To art and science joined,
With taste to beautify the scene,
And with a glorious mind.

And now the Universe began
Its mysteries to unfold,
Before the searching eye of man
Its revelations rolled ;
Astronomy, with Newton came,
Its mighty laws to prove ;
And Franklin drew the electric flame
From the abode of Jove.

Again, I stood upon the beach
Of a pellucid stream,

A thousand flowers were in my reach,
And every eye did beam
With rapture, as I gazed among
The happy beings there ;
The old were playing with the young,
And all were free from care.

Perfection dwelt in every mind—
Man had his summit gained,
With every excellence combined,
Without an error stained ;
A thousand blessings round him flowed
Where'er he sat or roved—
A paradise was his abode,
And all he saw, he loved.

OUR OLD HOUSE.

THEY'VE razed our cottage to the ground—
Our ancient cot with trees around,
That stood a little from the road—
Just far enough for love's abode ;
Knights of the adze and chisel, they
Pried off the boards to my dismay.
Their ruthless deeds I do deplore—
Our poor old house is now no more.

They tore the lath and shingles off ;
And then they raised the jeer and scoff,
To see the aged rafters bare,
And reel, and tremble in the air ;

And mocked me when I dropped a tear,
(For every beam to me was dear,)
As I looked on with feelings sore—
Our poor old house is now no more.

Each unhewn clapboard bore a name—
Some unsophisticated dame,
That lived in my grand-mother's day—
Before the men learned to betray ;
These names some tales of love could tell—
What strange events, and what befell
True lovers in the days of yore—
But our old house is now no more.

Ah ! when they tore its beams apart,
They tore the strings that tied my heart ;
And when I saw the rafters fall,
I felt as though I'd lost my all ;
No marvel, that I wept to see
The home of age and infancy,
Lie prostrate on the splintered floor—
Our poor old house is now no more.

Those ample chimney corners old,
Whose every brick some legend told—
They knocked them down with bars of steel !
And notwithstanding my appeal
Some relic of the pile to spare,
They have not left a vestige there ;
They burnt the latch that closed the door—
Our poor old house is now no more.

Our cot was neither red or white,
 Or any other color quite ;
 It might have once been painted red,
 But late its hue approached to lead ;
 And oh ! it looked divinely fair,
 Between the rows of peach and pear :
 Its roof with moss was covered o'er—
 Our poor old house is now no more.

And what was this destruction for—
 This desolating deed of war ?
Pride came—and pointed to the low
 Old fashioned roof, and gave the blow.
 A finer building proudly rears
 Its front—and clothed in paint appears,
 Near to the site where stood before,
 The poor old house that's now no more.

THE REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER, WITHOUT A PENSION.

YE dwellers in fair freedom's land,
 Can ye so soon forget the band,
 The dear memorial of the day
 That tried the soul—now old and gray—
 And hear them marching to that “bourne
 From whence no travellers return”—
 Of base ingratitude complain :
 The poor old heroes that remain.

Can you behold that gallant race
 Leaving the ranks of life apace,

With the bold impress on their brow
Of Freedom's chosen champions—now !
Though withered be that brow, and bare,
By sorrow, age, neglect and care—
To close their wretched-lives in pain :
The brave old heroes who remain ?

Ah ! will you revel on the soil
They purchased with their blood and toil—
And wear the honors of their name,
Without a thrilling sense of shame ;—
Yes, while your actions would declaré
They their own purchase shall not share—
Say, shall such foul dishonor stain
The country where they still remain ?

Americans—say will you see
The men who gave you liberty,
Their broken columns scattered o'er,
Like trophies, this our happy shore,
And basely, niggardly resign
'The glorious right to call them thine ?
Ah ! no—such treasures dear retain :
Cherish the heroes who remain.

Shall it in future time be told,
These veterans gray, these heroes old,
The patriot soldier and the sage,
In misery closed his pilgrimage ?
Forbid it, honor, gratitude,
And all that's noble, just and good ;
From such impiety refrain,
And shield the heroes who remain.

Should poverty upon them weigh,
Like Brutus, coin your hearts to pay,
And task your hands, and mind, and soul,
To make their broken spirits whole ;—
Then on their own domestic floor,
Let them enact their battles o'er
And o'er—until they feel again
Themselves—the heroes who remain.

Thus let the laurels proudly wave
Around the bravest of the brave,
And green, and gloriously entwine
The Revolutionary line ;
And let a nation's wealth attend
The veteran to his journey's end—
Embalm the memory of the slain,
And crown the heroes who remain.

THE FIRST DAY OF SPRING.

AWAY Mr. Winter, I tell you be off—
You've been bawling so long you are hoarse with a cough ;
Put your icicles up, and your walking-stick on—
Your coat's growing old, sir—I bid you begone.

Your trade it is done, sir, or ought to be, here ;
Do you wish to forge chains for us all the long year ?
You have frozen and thawed us quite often enough—
Begone, you old rascal, I bid you to buff.

You're a heartless old tyrant, as many can tell,
You have frozen to death, or indeed might as well ;
You have robbed them of cash, and robbed them of bread,
And supperless many you've hastened to bed.

You have torn down our fences, our orchards have rent,
And numbers to beg or starvation have sent—
You have ravaged our cellars, and in our cribs stole—
You wicked old varlet, go home to your pole.

I am weary of seeing your physiog here,
And so is my heifer, and so is my steer ;
You have pinched my Aunt Jenny with many a gripe,
And if you don't travel I'll give you a wipe.

Good Winter, my dear, when you first made your bow,
And appeared with so modest and humble a brow,
I thought to bid welcome a good natured chap,
But, by Georgy, I made a most wretched mishap.

Oh ! how will you pay for the damage you've done—
You testy old cruiser, you crabbed old crone—
The heads on the pavement the heels in the air
You have sent, and the blows you have dealt to the fair ?

I know how you pay all the debts you may owe :
'Tis by knocking us down, and repeating the blow—
You stern looking caitiff, you robber of yore,
This year you have floored us full fifty times o'er.

Return to your corner, retire to your den,
You're not fit to live with the children of men—
Your power is o'erthrown, your no longer a king,
Lo ! the victory's won, by the first day of Spring.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

THE Ploughman turns up the teeming sod,
As he whistles on his way,
In the steps of truth, he hath always trod ;
He loves the earth, and he worships God,
And the Ploughman is blithe and gay.

He is hailed with joy by the robin red,
As he walketh out at morn,
And the dews are brushed by his earnest tread,
As he worketh late for his children's bread,
Among the wheat and corn.

The flowers blossom around his feet,
And the air that he breathes is balm ;
His days and nights with gladness meet,
And his sleep is sound, and his dream is sweet,
And his life an unruffled calm.

Health painteth his cheek, and lights his eye,
And his nerves are stout and strong ;
The pestilence passeth unheeded by,
For sickness the Ploughman doth defy,
And his evening of life is long.

He trusteth the morrow will be as bright,
And as beautiful as to-day ;
For the cherub of hope hovers over his night,
With a promise of joy, that the morning light
A blessing will bring alway.

With the little he hath he is content,
His plough and his rood of lea ;
He knoweth the earth and its things are lent,
And that virtue and honesty pay the rent,
And a happy man is he.

THE CRISIS.

THERE is an awful crisis near
At hand ;
Clashing sword and glittering spear—
Agonies of death I hear—
Ye who love your country dear,
Band !

See the crimson current flowing
Warm,
And the fires of battle glowing,
Hear the herds of cattle lowing,
And fair Freedom's herald blowing—
Arm !

Russia's bear, and Britain's lion,
Growl ;
Tyrants whet their cursed iron,
To cut down young Freedom's scion ;
Hear the foes of this our Zion
Howl !

Hear the shock, and see the breaking
Flame ;

Kings conspiring, empires shaking,
Maddened millions now awaking—
Cannon on the hills are taking
Aim !

Hark ! the people's revolution
Cries
Loud for help and retribution ;
Free the earth from kings' pollution,
Rights of man from prostitution—
Rise !

'Tis no time to dream and ponder,
Son
Of the Revolution ;—yonder
Tyrant bandits yelp for plunder ;
Haste, let Freedom's army thunder
On !

Fix the bayonet and gory
Pike ;
Yours is an immortal glory,
Endless song and endless story ;
Free the world from tyrants hoary—
Strike !

WAR.

OH ! let no factious discontent,
No morbid traitor sentiment,
Or soul-subduing fear,
Prevent or paralyze the blow
On Freedom's lurking robber foe,
If hostile he appear.

We have a double work to do,
Our honor and our country, too,
Demand our utmost care ;
Our honor, if it brook a stain,
Can never shine so bright again,
Unsullied and fair.

Our honored nation's high repute,
No coward caitiff tongue should bruit
With ignominy and shame ;
Pure as the blood its hero's shed,
And sacred as its hallowed dead,
Must ever be her fame.

Oh ! would I had ten thousand scars,
Received in fighting Freedom's wars—
How proud of them I'd be ;
Higher I'd value them than gold
Or silver coin—a thousand fold
Than life itself to me.

Not that I love the toil and strife
Of the brave soldier's fearful life,
Through carnage, blood, and toil ;
Not that I love the march by night,
Nor yet the horrid din and fight
Of men in deadly broil.

Ah ! no, I would not war for these—
Such scenes my heart could never please
If there were nothing more ;
Dear Liberty—for thee—for thee—
My passion, my idolatry—
My heart's last drop should pour.

Yes, free and fast as Summer rain,
I'd empty every bleeding vein,
And without stint or care ;
And when at last I had no more
Upon her rescued sod to pour,
I'd give my dying prayer.

SUPERSTITION.

I've seen the life consuming sons
Of Afric's gold-bespangled shore,
Wasting their strength in torrid zones,
Country and friends to see no more—
To see them thus condemned to toil
Perpetual, gave me greatest pain,
Fettered unto a deadly soil—
I gladly would have broke the chain.

I've seen the serf of Russia fall
Before a ruthless tyrant's hand ;
He struck him thrice against the wall—
He fell—alas ! oh Christian land !
But this was done in passion's hour,
When reason slept upon her throne—
It was a deed of barb'rous power
I left with conscience to atone.

And in our own bird-singing land,
Where freedom holds her jubilee,
I've seen a dark desponding band
Wear the fell yoke of slavery—

To see my fellow creature borne
Down like a brute unto the sod,
I weep with pity and I mourn,
And wish the oppressor bore the rod—

Such forms of slavery I can bear,
(With pain and grief, indeed,) to see ;
There is some consolation there—
The mind is yet unfettered—free.
But when I saw my dearest friend
Nailed down to Superstition's car,
The very sight my heart did rend,
And with that blood-stained demon fiend,
I swore eternal war.

THE STREAM OF TIME.

THE stream of life is rolling on ;
A few short years and youth is gone,
And age comes weeping round us ;
We're tending downward to the dust,
The place where man was formed at first ;—
Life leaves us where it found us.

We won't believe we're growing old,
Although a tale so often told
By sickness and by sorrow ;
The strength and beauty ours to-day,
We to ourselves in secret say,
Will still be ours to-morrow.

We won't believe that death is nigh,
Although he daily passes by—
'Tis not to us he's speaking ;
That poor old man who yonder stands,
With tottering step and trembling hand—
'Tis him we say he's seeking.

Although the leaves around us fall,
And loud a thousand voices call,
We do not think of dying ;
Some fond delight, some pleasure dear,
We still pursue from year to year,
Some new illusion trying.

Are we awake, or do we dream
Over this oft repeated theme,
So deeply interesting,
I wonder, as I set alone,
Upon this cold sequestered stone,
From daily labor resting.

Have we our senses when we see
The trophies of his victory
Time scatters round our dwelling—
The stern mementoes of decay,
That rise around us every day,
Into a mountain swelling ?

Alas ! we are awake to all
The vanities that on us call—
We ne'er refuse them, never ;
But oh ! ourselves, our destiny,
We cannot, or we will not see,
'Till life is gone forever.

THE SOLACE OF AGE.

AND is there no joy for the blossoming head
When hope in the breast feels decay,
And the season of pleasure and beauty have fled,
And the glory of youth fades away ?

When the flowers of life are beginning to fade,
And its verdure is seen to depart,
And its sun to the east casts a lengthening shade,
What can then give delight to the heart ?

When the cheek is the path of the fast-falling tear,
And a dimness comes over the eye,
And gaiety sounds like a knell to the ear,
And mirth is beheld with a sigh ;

When the cypress and willow shall pensively wave
O'er the friend that was generous and kind,
And the gray leaves of autumn shall fall on the grave,
Of the last one that lingered behind ;

When life proves a phantom, a being of air,
A bubble that's tossed on the sea—
And its evening is all overshadowed with care,
And death with its mockery ;

When youth, with its smiles and loveliness gone,
Leaves a wreck, and a ringlet of snow,
And the soul puts a mantle of gloominess on—
Where—where—shall such loneliness go ?

And musing, I thought, if the loveliest rose,
That blooms in the blushes of morn,
While budding thus early, a sting doth enclose,
Who can bear with the desolate thorn ?

And I asked of the good, and implored of the wise,
If a world that was better they knew ?
And they lifted their eyes to the gold sparkling skies
And the bright spangled mansions of blue.

And they pointed afar to the uttermost star,
And the curtain of Heaven they drew—
Then a glorious sight of joy and delight,
Burst on my enraptured view.

There the wretched may come, there's the aged's sweet home,
And I sigh for that beautiful shore ;
And the sweet garland rose that in Paradise grows,
Where the thorn is permitted no more.

CELESTIAL MUSINGS.

OH ! I am sorely grieved and vexed—
My soul is harrassed and perplexed
By an unusual care ;
For since existence first begun,
My thoughts have not like others run—
They've led me round from zone to zone,
To guess what's doing there.

The secrets of the earth I've scanned,
And found how beautiful 'tis planned,

Beneficent and wise ;
But oh ! the soul that never tires
To things forbidden oft aspires—
My insatiate spirit now desires
Acquaintance with the skies.

I long to visit worlds around—
To see creation's utmost bound,
'Till nothing more appears ;
To bid good morrow to the moon,
And banquet with the sun at noon,
And learn the soft melodious tune,
Played by celestial spheres.

But not content whole worlds to scan,
I fain would learn the state of man
In worlds immensely far ;
I ponder and I agonize
To know his shape, and age, and size,
In every shining star ;

To learn how people travel there,
Whether in steamboat or the air,
Or swim, or walk, or fly—
And which the wisest there appears,
The one that lectures most or hears,
Or he that stops his tongue and ears,
And listless passes by ;

If women handsome are or plain,
Or truth is sought for most or gain,
Or men or women rule ;

If patriots to prate are hired,
Or genius is by puffing fired,
And which by all is most admired
The wise man or the fool ;

And if the poor be blest with laws,
And if the rich obtain their cause—
Or who to prison go ;
Or if the trees be green or red,
Or silver money be, or lead,
Or wit lies in the purse or head—
Such things I sigh to know.

SUMMER'S GONE.

I'M tired of leaves, and flowers and trees,
So fleeting and so frail as these,
That change their hues so soon ;
For, hardly have my thoughts begun
To banquet Nature's feast upon,
Before its sweets are gone.

I fain would live a thousand years,
And breathe the balm, and drink the tears,
Of flowers that bloom so long ;
And gladly grow a rosy gem,
And be a flower like one of them,
To dwell their scenes among.

Then would I feast my inmost soul
Upon their sweets, without control,
Nor be alarmed to see

The yellow leaf and blossom fall,
And mingle with the mildew all
Their forms of gaiety.

Now the soft shade of lovely green,
That throws a charm o'er every scene,
I see depart with pain ;
Of life uncertain, lo ! I fear
Spring's resurrection day will ne'er
Revisit me again.

I see the sun with glory crowned,
Setting and leaving smiles around,
Yet not without a sigh,
Lest when the morning shall awake,
Nor field, or flower, or forest break
Upon my stricken eye.

Ye flowers, I love ye far too well
On such uncertain terms to dwell
As Nature grants us here ;
Oh ! for an everlasting lease
Of some sweet isle among the seas,
Of the celestial sphere.

Amid the thousand stars that shine,
May there not one, with flowers divine,
To men of truth be given ?
One little brilliant island star,
Where innocence and love may wear
The livery of Heaven.

THE DROP OF WATER.

I CAUGHT a drop of water,
While sitting on the sand—
A little drop of water—
And held it in my hand ;
Then through some optic glasses,
This ocean I surveyed—
This little mimic ocean—
And well I was repaid.

I saw ten thousand creatures
Within its modest bounds,
Diversified in features,
Swimming their various rounds ;
I magnified the circle,
By regular degrees,
Until this drop of water
Seemed large as ocean seas.

Then I discovered islands,
Within this fluid sphere,
But they were floating islands,
And steered each other clear ;
Their surfaces were covered
With living beings round,
And they moved along their orbits
With gravity profound.

Then came conviction fairly,
Nor doubt while I rehearse,
This little drop of water
Contained a universe ;

Its walls were built of crystal,
For solar light I ween,
But in its very centre,
Another sun was seen.

Each little globe or island
Had a peculiar race,
And some, I thought, among them,
Looked like the human face ;
But every form and feature,
That wildest thought could frame,
Appeared among the numbers,
Impossible to name.

The mad imagination
Of poet never drew,
Upon his crazy fancy,
So wonderful a view ;
Shapes of such strange cohesion,
Ne'er crossed the human brain,
And come, I hope they'll never,
Across my own again.

Nor fever in its raging,
Nor frenzy in its fear,
Could make such apparitions
To mortal eyes appear ;
Why should they ? Can the senses,
If sound, or chaos hurled,
Conceive the new creation,
That throngs a stranger world ?

But from this observation,
So painful to the sight,
I caught a ray of knowledge,
That gave me great delight :
'Twas that the great Creator,
Still to the human mind,
Deigns to unlock his treasures,
Unbounded, unconfined.

A FAMILY A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

I saw Content, the other day,
Sit by her spinning wheel ;
And Plenty in a wooden tray,
Of wheat and Indian meal.

Health, also, at a table sat,
Dining upon a ham ;
But Appetite demanded yet,
A cabbage and a clam.

Wealth sat enthroned upon a green
And fragrant load of hay ;
And Happiness beheld a dog,
Behind a cart at play.

Delight was chasing butterflies,
With Laughter and with Joy ;
Affection gazed with ardent eyes,
Upon the sweet employ.

Beauty was watering a flower,
Beside the cottage door ;
And Pleasure spoke about a tour,
To Mr. Staple's store.

Industry bid good-morrow, and
Invited me to tea ;
But Folly bid me stay away,
Unless I came with Glee.

Patience sat in an easy chair,
Unraveling a skein,
While Mirth with roguish eye and air,
Would tangle it again.

Benevolence had built a tower
Of pudding, bread, and meat,
And bid compassion take it o'er
To Want, across the street.

But I was gratified to see,
Easy, and free, and fair,
With Innocence upon his knee,
Old Satisfaction there.

Sport took me by the hand, and led
Me down a vista green,
While Fun and Frolic antics played,
Two ancient oaks between.

But best of all, it was to find
Prudence, the day before,

The fopling Dress had kicked behind,
And tossed him out of door.

And now, kind reader, if you choose,
This family to know,
A farmer's here I'll introduce,
“*A hundred years ago.*”

THE SNOW-BIRD.

WHERE do you in creation dwell—
In what sequestered hidden cell,
Or whence come ye and go ?
Whilst other birds warm in the day,
Sing to the Summer, green and gay,
Your bough is vacant, and your lay
Waits for the banks of snow.

Ye come so strangely—when we wake
And first behold the icy flake
Whirled from its volcano !—
I fancy with the cloud ye stroll
That's first commissioned from the pole ;
Or through our Captain Symmes' hole,
Ye come with hail and snow.

My little feathered pioneer,
Some diplomatic trick, I fear,
You do perplex me so—
To see you round my window pop,
Just as the Winter's arrows drop,
I spy the traitor in your hop,
You minister of snow.

When Winter comes with terrors dire,
I close around the cheerful fire

And with the bellows blow ;
But you, my little wandering elf,
Comfortable and warm yourself,
Despise my house, and fire, and shelf,
And choose a realm of snow.

Where do you lay yourself at night,
When frost doth like a blackguard bite—

Dost in the hay-mow stow ?
Or, fired with elemental pride,
Upon the whirling tempest ride ;
Or cosily and snugly hide
Beneath a wreath of snow ?

I wonder if my courtesy

Ye will despise, perchance that I

Some barley seeds bestow ;

Ah ! no, you've gratitude, 'tis plain—

Ye gaily sup upon the grain,

And then, like ladies when they strain,

Ye take a dish of snow.

Ye are a saucy, taunting race—

Ye tell my cousins to their face

That they are chickens' O !

They sleep all winter in the house,

Companions of the moth and mouse,

While ye around the air carouse

Amid the flakes of snow.

I grant you courage, but your leer
Hath something like the sign, I fear,
Of "Cloven Heels and Co.;"
If that be so, ye'll meet no harm,
For that old Bossy hath a charm
To keep his chums and workmen warm
Tho' they be made of snow.

But what your errand, whence ye came,
Or what your policy or aim,
One certain thing I know,
When e'er you visit me again,
That I shall see the night hath lain
On my embroidered window pane,
A pretty wreath of snow.

THE FOWLER.

I'LL BUILD me a bower by the side of the bay,
Where the coot, and the dipper, and merry-wing play ;
Of the green-tufted cedar that grows on the beach,
And I'll sit me down there, with my gun in my reach—
And the old wife may sing, to her merry offspring,
But it may be the last of her musical speech.

She has enemies near that I very well know,
And they're laying in wait in an ambush of tow ;
They are swift as the lightning and cruel as Cain,
And they ask for no quarter or give it again ;
And the broad-bill to-day, he may winnow the spray,
But the move of my finger—and lo ! he is slain.

I have bought me a flint that is taper and true,
And I've fastened it in with an excellent screw,
And a beaver of white, and a wrapper of green,
And I guess that the brant had not better be seen ;
Altho' she may chat, and grow wanton and fat,
If she come a rod further I speak for her lean.

I have made me a flask of the buffalo's horn,
And a pouch from the foot of an albatross torn ;
And I moccasins wear of the sea-horse's mail,
And I've tasseled them off with a drum-fish's tail ;
And the wild goose may fly with the scud of the sky,
If she passes me over her pinion shall fail.

My gun is well loaded, and now I will prime,
Then sleep with one eye only shut at a time ;
And if they approach me, the black duck or drake,
I guess they will find me about half awake ;
They may sputter and quack, but my aim they shan't balk,
And I'm sure that a hole in their gizzard I'll make.

'Tis delicious to dine on a dainty wild goose,
With good turnip-sauce, and the friends that we choose,
And to tell them while eating how patient we laid,
'Till the old gander marched to the field of parade—
And with mirth and good cheer, to end the old year,
With a bone for my dog and a health to my maid.

WHERE HAVE THEY GONE.

WHERE have they gone each pretty one,
With me that gathered flowers;

How far removed from those they loved
In childhood's happy hours ?

Where have they fled, the dimples red,
Each rosy gushing feature,
That played with me down by the sea,
A happy joyful creature ?

The little feet that used to meet
The tender violet's kisses,
How far have they wandered away
From infant smiles and blisses ?

Perchance the child who helped me build
The tower of blooming daisies,
On desert sands in foreign lands,
Pursues life's weary mazes ;

Far from the green enchanted scene,
By memory consecrated,
His steps have toiled through many a wild,
Bewildered and belated.

Or he may dwell within a cell,
Poor, happy, and contented--
Or palace great, proud and elate,
By Eastern fragrance scented.

What e'er his lot, palace or grot,
One thing I'm sure he'll never
Forget the earth that gave him birth,
His native hills and river.

When pressed with cares, his mind repairs
To balmy sleep's embraces,
The glowing theme of all his dream
Is childhood's pleasant places.

The urchins dear, again appear,
And seem to chide his slumbers ;
“Awake !” they cry, and playfully
He seems to join their numbers.

And when old age looks o'er the page
Of every past impression,
It marks with care, the chapter where
Childhood was its possession.

Those beauteous lines, as life declines,
Of rosy hill and meadow,
Each year renews with milder hues,
In times receding shadow.

Ah ! they have gone, each playful one,
And left me sad and lonely ;
Some to the tomb, while others roam—
They've left me, and me only.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

OH ! Life is a problem I fain would solve,
As its days depart, and its years revolve ;
The sunshine of joy, and the cloud of grief,
That over us pass, like our moments brief ;

The exulting hope, and the fell despair,
And the reason that tells not what we are,
But that we were born, and soon must die,
And that life is a dark, deep mystery.

All things an enigma are—dark indeed—
That the thoughts of man are wont to feed,
As he sits alone in his pensive mood,
And reflects on Nature's still solitude ;
When her hand has pressed to their pillow all
That graced his portal, or filled his hall ;
'Tis there he sees, and exclaims with a sigh,
That all things in life, are a mystery.

A mystic melody sings the sea,
As it rushes on to its destiny,
And a harp appears on the wind to sail,
In the tempest loud, and the evening gale,
And the clouds that fly on their shapeless wings,
The shadows appear of unearthly things ;
There is more in their motions than meets the eye,
But all is concealed in a mystery.

The hovering leaf that protects the flower,
'Neath its sheltering wings, from the pelting shower,
Yet still as the grateful moisture falls,
Distills it safe in its cistern's walls,
To cherish the gem within its folds,
As a mother does the infant she holds ;
There is wisdom in this, and a sweet beauty,
But wove in a web of mystery.

The birds and the fishes, to meet the year,
With songs and rejoicing, why come they here ;
Why leave a land that is ever in bloom,
And the waters that shine like a star-built room ?
Ah ! is it to man such a boon is given,
So sinful on earth, and ungrateful to Heaven ?
Poor worm ! not for you such a boon may be—
But alas ! 'tis a deep, deep mystery.

When the Summer birds have ceased their lay,
Then the Autumn insects begin their play—
The grasshopper first, with his solemn trill,
Succeeds to the lonely whippowil ;
Then the katy-did and field cricket ply
A strange and ominous melody—
Imbued with a spirit of prophecy
They herald decay—what a mystery !

But man is the riddle that stands confest,
The head and the caption of all the rest ;
With a lease of life so frail that the air
May sweep away with his utmost care ;
With a buoyant spirit he merrily flies
Through pleasure and pain until he dies—
And is this all ? no, he still would be
An angel above—what a mystery.

TO-MORROW—A FACT.

In one of those delicious isles,
Blessed with fond nature's endless smiles,
And fragrance ever flowing,
I saw a maid, not long ago—
'Twas in the isle of Curacoa,
Where love is warm and glowing;
Her cheek was alabaster white,
Her eye the dwelling of delight,
Without a touch of sorrow;
And when I strove a kiss to gain,
She answered with a soft disdain,
In broken phrase—"to-morrow."

That word was all she understood
Of English, yet to me 'twas food,
Sweet as Arabian honey—
And so returned to dream away
The barrier to another day,
And of my Spanish Donna;
It shone, that morning of perfume,
Tasseled with clouds, and clad in bloom,
Into my cabin narrow;
It found me by my lady's chair,
Inviting her to take the air—
She smiled and said—"to-morrow."

Sweet Petre-moi,* upon thy plain,
Festooned with flowers, and fringed with cane,
I met once more my charmer;

*Petre-moi—a pleasant promenade used by the inhabitants of Curacoa, situated on the east side of the harbor.

It was a festal holiday—
With martial pomp and proud display,
And military armour ;
My lady fair I soon espied,
And gently hauled along beside,
Bleeding with love's light arrow,
And there proposed with her to dance—
But ah ! was chilled with the response,
In accents mild—"to-morrow."

Crest-fallen and confused, I turned,
Quite sad to hear my court adjourned,
Again by my dulcina ;
I said, " Oh can deceit of soul
Have crossed the ocean-lea, and stole
Within thy breast, Rosina ?"
But still resolved, my plea I plied,
Such game I could not be denied—
In love a young Suwarrow ;
I said, *by signs*, I would attend
Her to her home, and be her friend—
But still she said—"to-morrow."

Our vessel now must leave the isle,
And plow the ocean many a mile,
Her homeward freight returning ;
Once more I sought this cruel girl,
Before our canvas should unfurl,
Disconsolate and mourning ;
I told her thus to sail afar,
Without one hope, a guiding star,
It did my feelings harrow—

And that I would her passage pay,
Unto my own America—
She sweetly said—"to-morrow."

Some years passed swiftly on, when lo !
Once more I sought sweet Curacoa,
And pleasant outre-banda,*
And through the groves of prickly pear,
The dwelling of Rosena fair,
An orange bound verandah ;
I found, and flew into her arms,
For still her form was wrapt in charms—
But oh ! surprise and horror !
A monstrous negro by my side,
Exclaimed—"My tar, this is my bride,
And my name is Too-mor-Hoo."

The mystery we now explain—
I had mistook her lover's name,
A day of assignation—
While he, to carry on the joke,
Altho' he well good English spoke,
Advised the soft evasion ;
He took me kindly by the hand—
He was a chief of manners bland,
Although as black as Pharaoh—
And told me when I crossed the main,
To see his pleasant isle again,
To call and see—"Too-mor-Hoo."

*Outre-banda—in English, the other side of the river.

THE PAIR OF STOCKINGS.

*To Mrs. J——e.**

THERE lives a lady in this land,
Of carriage meek, and manners bland—
(That there be such, it is not strange,)
But *this*, requested me to change
My stockings.

She said my feet were wet and cold,
And that my shoes were thin and old—
Then kindly bid me take a chair,
And sweetly offered me a pair
Of stockings.

She knew I'd travelled many a mile,
And that I'd many yet to toil,
Through rain and puddle, long before
I could obtain my humble store
Of stockings.

They're welcome sure, when cold and wet—
The tones of pity and regret—
But they are welcome more by far,
When proffered with a handsome pair
Of stockings.

I love attentions from the men,
And love to pay them back again—
But their's did never touch my soul,
Like that kind offer of a roll
Of stockings.

*May she live a thousand years.

Oft when dejected and alone,
I've wandered, weary, sad and worn,
With feet unsheltered, cold and bare,
I've thought upon that azure pair
Of stockings.

THE POOR.

READER, hast seen, in winter bleak,
The clouded eye and furrowed cheek,
And the imploring look so meek,
Wandering around the city ;
And canst thou say, in language true,
Thy hands into thy pockets flew,
And kindly gave expression to
Thy sentiment of pity ?

Mayhap thou art some lovely girl,
With rounded cheek and jetty curl—
Some father's gem, some mother's pearl,
Accomplished, gay, and witty ;
Hast then thy bosom felt a throe,
To hear the suffering tale of woe ?
If not, then haste to hear, for oh !
'Twill make you look so pretty.

For there is nothing, I am sure,
Upon this earth, can so allure,
As sweet benevolence and pure,
In Harriet or Hetty ;
Then past omissions now retrieve,

And hasten to the poor, and give—
And like sweet mercy's angel, leave
Your ornamented settee.

Oh ! 'tis a scandal to the times,
When poets sit composing rhymes,
About content and father Grimes—
And thus neglect their duty ;
And wealth and luxury forget,
They owe the poor a righteous debt—
And on their cushioned sofas sit,
Adorned with gold and beauty.

There, when the winter passeth by,
They cannot hear the beggar's sigh,
Nor e'er the orphan's hungry cry,
In mornings cold and sleety ;
Nor hear the angry tempest's roar,
Nor eke the battlement encore,
Nor see the menial at the door,
Repel the mild entreaty.

And when the children eye the plain
Rent garment of the aged man,
With biting scorn or cold disdain—
Oh ! this is passing naughty—
For they who did it long before,
The bears and wolves in pieces tore,
With fierce red jaws and hideous roar—
God will destroy the haughty.

Then young and old, who read my verse,
If you would deprecate a curse,

Untie the strings that close your purse,
And honor thus my ditty ;
And give a liberal bonus each,
Unto the poor, I do beseech,
If you do ever mean to reach
The everlasting——city.

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

It stood upon a rising green,
Two rural cottages between,
An orchard bloomed across the way,
Retired and beautifully gay.

Behind it gently rose a hill—
I see it in the distance still—
Just peeping o'er the poplar tree,
But not as once I used to see.

Upon a locust growing near,
A robin nestled every year—
It grew so tame it would not fly,
E'en tho' you kissed its ruby eye.

A distant bay, soft and serene,
In calm seclusion closed the scene—
And there the school boy's eye would rest
When with his weary task opprest.

It was a building built of yore—
It held just forty and no more ;

And though so very rude and small,
Contained the village urchins all.

Oh ! I would give the brightest gem,
Could I again be one of them,
And in their ranks behold return,
That peace and happiness I mourn.

It had two windows to the street,
Through which the summer breezes sweet
Came with a load of rich perfume,
And daily filled the little room.

There innocence could lie and sleep,
And zephyrs round it vigils keep,
When it had conned its A. B. C. ;
The indulgent tutor's name was G——.*

Good nature on his jocund face
Sat with inimitable grace,
Nor was the grimace now in vogue,
Assumed by that old pedagogue.

The poor old house without repairs
Now stands neglected, lone, and bears
The insult, rude and unrestrained—
Cursed be the sacrilegious hand—

The hand that would a weapon raise,
To fell this wreck of former days,
The only days I ever knew
Of real bliss—old house, adieu.

*Augustus Griffing, Esq., of Orient, Long Island.

ON THE DEATH OF SIDNEY LORENZO,
Infant Son of Sidney L. Griffing, aged nine months.

HE closed his eyes, and to the skies
The little cherub's gone ;
How many cares, how many snares,
He's left, our little one ;
How many tears, how many years,
May be of sorrow too ;
How many throes, sweet child, like those
Our hearts now give to you ;
They only know, who live below,
This sinful earth upon--
They only know, the pains and woe,
You've left, our little one.

He lived awhile, to lisp and smile,
Our fond delight to be,
And that was more, Eternal Power,
Than we deserved from thee ;
Why should we weep, to see him sleep,
So silent and so cold--
If he had lived, he might have grieved,
And wretched grown, and old ;
'Twere better far, before the war
Of life is here begun,
To leave it all, at Heaven's call,
Our precious little one.

His father's prayer, his mother's tear,
Alas! he never knew--

Or if he did, he smiled and fled,
His Heavenly Father to ;
Yes, it was meet his little feet,
Upon the brink of time ,
Should wait to bear that tear, that prayer,
Up to the Heavenly clime.
Thy mother lives, my child, and gives—
This tribute to her son—
Forever torn from her, she'll mourn
Her lost, her little one.

MAN.

WEARY with worldly noise and mirth,
With thoughts above my humble birth,
I cast my eyes around the earth,
And upward to the sky :
I seek the silent midnight shade,
To muse alone on all that's made—
While stars around in brightness wade
Majestically by.

And man—the object of my care—
With other beings I compare,
And ponder on the little share
Of happiness his own ;
While all around appear so blest,
He seems the only one opprest ;
Fettered to woe, he stands confest,
Dejected and alone.

He sleeps upon his thorny bed,
With terrors hanging o'er his head,
His slumbers by pale misery fed,
The morn renews his pain ;
Until he sleeps within his grave,
O'erwhelmed with sorrow's bursting wave,
He sinks with none, alas ! to save—
When shall he rise again ?

What has he done that he should be
Pursued by such a destiny ?
I ask the air and earth and sea,
The mighty reason why ;
I ask the bird with buoyant wings,
It flies away or sweetly sings—
I ask the flowers and creeping things,
But none of them reply.

Why left abandoned thus to mourn,
When all his hopes are overthrown—
And love and friendship from him torn ?
I weep but cannot tell ;
Perhaps some unremitted stain,
Still lurks within each throbbing vein,
For good permitted to remain,
While yet on earth he dwell—

To fit him for a better sphere,
And tell him how he suffered here ;
If so, then welcome sorrow's tear,
And let him not repine—

But meet misfortune with a smile,
Anguish and sickness, grief and toil,
This bliss of hope should all beguile—
I fain would make it mine.

HUMBLE LIFE.

OFT have I to some lowly cot,
By fortune and the world forgot,
Wandered alone,
To see how happiness could dwell
Within the precincts of a cell
Of wood and stone.

For I had seen, in every state,
The boasted pleasures of the great
Uncertain are ;
Led by the glitter of display,
Their passions steal their joys away,
And leave them care.

Contentment seeks the cottage door,
With an unostentatious store
Of love and joy ;
And scatters round the blazing hearth,
A fund of innocence and mirth,
Without alloy.

Contented with his sweet abode,
The peasant does not feel the load
The wealthy share—

For envy, with her poisoned dart,
Hath never found within his heart,
A dwelling there.

No thought disturbs his peaceful breast,
Of golden treasures unpossessed,
Or honors high ;
For well he knows the gold we crave,
Can never shield us from the grave,
For all must die.

Clad in the russet of his farm,
The product of his healthy arm,
He does not fear
That nakedness will e're become
An inmate of his peaceful home,
Or close the year.

Thus blessed he hails the vernal day,
And sings the golden hours away—
Virtue his theme ;
His features brighten with a smile,
'Mid the companions of his toil,
His joys supreme.

Then reader, if for wealth you sigh,
True wealth is not among the high—
Nor happy days ;
But in the habitation low,
Whose inmates feel the conscious glow
Of "wisdom's ways."

THE JAUNDICE.

ONE night I slept in an humble shed,
That the stars and the moon shone through,
And as sleep came o'er me, my fancy led
My steps to their fields of blue.

And straight in an ocean world I stood,
That was studded all gloriously ;
Yet not like the sun in his silver flood,
But the moon in her golden sea.

And pilgrims from every world were there,
And age—by time enrolled ;
And all their aim, and devotion and care,
Was its spotless, unsullied gold.

For mountains were there of golden birth,
And bright waves of treasure rolled,
And all the winds and the air and earth,
Were loaded and shone with gold.

And a God was there, of great renown
In the famous days of old—
And Mammon his name—with a ray-lit crown,
And a throne of dazzling gold.

His hands were filled with the wavy ore,
And each of them did hold
A sea ! which down on the earth did pour
A liquid stream of gold.

Then the leaves and flowers and blossoms began
Their glories to unfold ;
And oh ! what a spring the rich earth put on,
For its gems were the purest gold.

But ah ! I saw when the harvest came,
That the hearts of the men were sold ;
For each began with his sickle of flame,
To embezzle the crop of gold.

And ladies for rings, and bishops and kings
Began to quarrel and scold,
And some were asking, and some were grasping—
But every one for gold.

And the soldier and thief, and lawyer and chief,
And the clergyman I was told,
And doctors and squires were sellers and buyers,
And traded in shops of gold.

Then my eye looked round in that eager mass,
The poor poet to behold ;
But they looked in vain, and I said, alas !
He'll lose all his share of gold.

And I looked again, and there he lay
On the straw all wet and cold !
A vagrant muse had lured him away,
While the rest were amassing gold.

And then I awoke with a fever and ague,
And the jaundice in my eyes ;
And I said to myself with a shiver—a plague
On such lodgings and trips to the skies.

CHARACTERISTIC.

AUNT PHŒBE KING.

I KNOW an old lady who lives down the street,
In a cot where the shade of the orchard-trees meet,
Retired from the world, and secure from its gaze,
There she lives out at peace the decline of her days.

Tho' her body be bent with the weight of fourscore,
And her head by its winters be whitened all o'er,
Yet she sits in her old oaken-chair, by her niece,
Like the heart of content in the bosom of peace.

Tho' its bounds be but small, and its acres but few,
Her farm is a neat little prospect to view ;
So fair, with a row of green trees on each side,
It looks as if happiness there might abide.

It pastures her cow and supplies her with bread,
And oft-times a crust to the children of need ;
For tho' scanty her means, and contracted her store,
She always has something to give to the poor.

Her apron is checked with the white and the blue,
And her handkerchief nice, with the same colors too ;
And so tidy she looks in her autumn of life,
She once must have made a most excellent wife.

Tho' the wrinkle hath woven its web o'er her face,
 Still she smiles on her friends with ineffable grace;
 And her eye's sweet expression, tho' dim and obscure,
 Shows the Heaven within to be spotless and pure.

Her furniture looks like the owner indeed,
 Not showy but such as a cottage may need;
 One or two tables, and two or three chairs,
 A milk-room below and a bed-room up stairs.

Tho' aged, she handles her needle quite well,
 And 'tis pleasant to see her engaged at her wheel—
 It the days of delight and industry recalls,
 When the distaff's achievements encumbered the walls.

Oh! long may she live an example to be,
 Of usefulness blended with humility;
 That the young and the gay may behold what a prize
 The old age of a virtuous woman enjoys.

How sweet it must be to look back on a life
 So full of good deeds, be it husband or wife;
 All the gold in the world to the winds I would fling,
 Had I lived—could I die—like my aunt Phoebe King.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR. EZEKIEL GLOVER,

Of Orient, a Soldier of the Revolution.

In a moss covered cot, with the sea at one end,
 With his consort alone lived my worthy old friend,
 From the storms of the world he lived blessed and retired,
 For his virtues esteemed, for his talents admired.

Time after time I had passed by his door,
'Till the weight of his years was the sum of fourscore ;
And heard from his lips the instruction of age,
The life of the soldier the lore of the sage.

He had served in the wars of his country, and fought
In her glorious armies when freedom was bought ;
And when he detailed how her battle was won,
O'er his features the halo of Liberty shone ;
Through the dimness of age and the wrinkles of care,
The light show'd the soul of the hero was there ;
That the patriot fire still burned in his breast,
As it did when the combat its lightning confest.

Altho' he was poor in his worldly estate,
In his heart he was rich, in his soul he was great—
And what elevates man in the scale of his kind,
Was his pride to possess, and his passion to find
In himself and in others, and practice it then
In his precepts of life, in his dealings with men ;
And to show the young age, that around him began,
What constitutes worth and what beautifies man.

'Twas a beautiful spot where he chose to reside,
Where he peacefully lived, where he tranquilly died,
On a green spot of earth, by the side of a bay,
Where its wave sang a hymn to the march of decay—
Where the heart in the evening of life could retire,
And its murmur be hushed by the sea-swelling lyre,
And the mind be relieved from its sorrows and woes,
And the gray head be pillowed in peace and repose.

When I muse on my friend, now at rest in his grave,
I still hear the sound of the murmuring wave—
That sea is still beating its dirge on the shore,
Tho' my friend he may hear it repeated no more,
But his bright gallant spirit seems speaking to me
From the roar of the waves, from the rush of the sea,
To be true to my country, her freedom and fame,
The behest of a band with a glorious name.

UNCLE NAT.

'THERE'S a precious old fellow lives over the way,
His brow rather bald, and his locks something gray,
And his coat buttons right down before ;
He worketh all day, and he sleepeth all night,
He's up with the lark and as cheerful and bright—
Wide awake ?—to be sure, and a specimen quite
Of a youthful old lad of fourscore.

That sturdy old yeoman, I know him full well,
For long by his cot, I've delighted to dwell—
To mark the slow hand of decay
Put a wrinkle up here and a furrow down there
As tho' it would rather be busy elsewhere,
Than on that old peace-loving phiz to declare
Life passeth like all things away.

My plodding old neighbor, for many a year,
Has ploughed up the sod without sorrow or fear,
For the earth is a blessing to him—
He's blessed in his virtue, and blessed in his store,
And tho' he has plenty, he keeps getting more—

He says he is well for a man of fourscore,
Except now and then "rather slim."

I knew him in childhood, they told me his name,
Uncle Nat—and in boyhood he looked much the same,
And now in my manhood, behold!
Uncle Nat's young as ever, for all I can see,
Walks as nimbly about, talks as kindly with me—
And as fond of his money and cattle is he,
As if he could never grow old.

'Tis a joy in these days of deception and pride,
To live an untainted old neighbor beside--
'Tis a balm and a bliss to the soul
To gaze on that relic of happier days,
When our youth sallied forth in the midsummer's blaze,
To hymn with the birds and the insects the praise
Of the Heaven that smiled on the whole.

UNCLE JO BOOTH.

THERE'S many now living who hav'nt forgot,
The jovial old minstrel I've mentioned, I wot,
From Sterling to Oysterpond's vallies below,
They remember with pleasure poor old uncle Jo.

'Twas a holyday shout, when he came into view,
For he was a fiddler, when fiddlers were few—
If a feast, he was there—if a marriage, also,
And the happiest among them was poor uncle Jo.

He was welcomed with pleasure, and greeted by all,
For his comical phiz was the sign for a ball—
There was joy in his fiddle, and mirth in his bow,
And none could produce them, like poor uncle Jo.

Not a note could he tell from a pitchfork, not he,
But his fingers well knew where to stop for a mi,
For his joints were all quavers, and crotchets and co—
He was nature's own fiddler, poor old uncle Jo.

I have heard many fiddlers, but never one yet
That could fiddle like him, in this world have I met ;
He played by no rules, but his music was—oh !
They only can tell who have heard uncle Jo.

'Twas made for the village, so simple and clear,
It seemed to repose but not strike on the ear,
'Twas played for the happy, so gentle its flow,
And it came from the happy, poor old uncle Jo.

But his fiddle was all that the poor man possessed,
Except to be always contented and blessed ;
And the hearty good wishes the grateful bestow
On the minstrel they love, like poor uncle Jo.

He's gone to his rest in the vale where he sung,
And his harp on the willows forever is hung—
And this humble tribute, so plaintive and low,
I pay to thy mem'ry poor old uncle Jo.

AUNT JENNY KADE.

AUNT Jenny Kade, would you know where she dwells ?
Should my plaudit deny, her benevolence tells—
By her neighbors all round, she is courted and blessed,
And the young and the old to her virtues attest ;
And altho' she sprang from an African race,
Her heart I am certain, is in the right place—
'Twas there it was made,
There it's ever since staid,
The heart full of kindness, of aunt Jenny Kade.

Her manners are bland, with gentility joined,
And her eye gives the flash of her spirited mind,
Unbroken by age, and unsullied by crime,
She seems to be almost unnoticed by time ;
Tho' deep her complexion, and ebon her face,
Her heart, I am certain, is in the right place—
'Twas there when 'twas made,
There it's ever since staid,
The heart full of kindness, of aunt Jenny Kade.

On her memory's page, wrote in letters of light,
Are the deeds of our fathers, who rose for their right,
And oft she relates, by her humble fireside,
To the wondering youth, how they gallantly died ;
For she lived in her prime, with that undaunted race,
And her heart, like its heroes, is in the right place—
'Twas there it was laid,
There it's ever since staid,
The heart full of kindness, of aunt Jenny Kade.

Let no one my subject pretend to despise,
Because she be veiled in a sable disguise,
For her line was of princes, I've often been told,
Who were torn from a land bearing spices and gold—
Her blood is as noble as any can trace,
And her heart, I am certain, is in the right place
'Twas there it was laid,
There it's ever since staid,
The heart full of kindness, of aunt Jenny Kade.

Tho' over fourscore, the old lady has pride,
And her hands to the needle and thread are allied;
The bread of dependence she scorns to receive,
As long as her fingers and needles can weave—
And what if it be not the finest of lace,
Her heart, I am certain, is in the right place--
'Twas there it was made,
There it's ever since staid,
The heart full of kindness, of aunt Jenny Kade.

But, pretty young reader, a model for thee,
In mind and in manners and virtue is she,
In every department of life and of love,
As wife, mother, patriarch, few can improve,
And all she performs, 'tis with infinite grace,
And her heart, I am certain, is in the right place,—
'Twas there it was made,
There it's ever since staid,
The heart full of kindness, of aunt Jenny Kade.

Her parents were Pompey and Judy, she says,
Who came from a country not distant from Fez—

From their evergreen earth they were stolen and bound,
And their graves far away from their kindred they found ;
'Twas an act of oppression and burning disgrace,
But her heart, for all this, occupies the right place—
'Twas there it was made,
There it's ever since staid,
The heart full of kindness, of aunt Jenny Kade.

AUNT DINAH.

EMBOWERED in shade, by the side of a wood,
The cot of aunt Dinah delightfully stood,
A rural retreat, in simplicity drest,
Sequestered it sat like a bird in its nest ;
Festooned with the brier, and scented with rose,
Its windows looked out on a scene of repose,
Its wood all in green, and its grass all in bloom,
Like the dwelling of peace in a grove of perfume.

Tho' the skin of aunt Dinah was black as a coal,
The beams of affection enlightened her soul ;
Like gems in a cavern, that sparkle and blaze,
The darkness but adds to the strength of their rays
Or the moon looking out from her evening shroud,
Or the sun riding forth from the edge of a cloud,
So benevolence shone in her actions away,
And the darkness of life became radiant with day.

What tho' she were poor, aunt Dinah's estate
The world was unable to give or create,
Her wealth was her virtues, and brightly they shone,
With a lustre unborrowed, and beauty their own ;

Her nature was goodness, her heart was a mine
Of jewels, more precious than words can define,
And she gave them with such a profusion and grace,
Their light gave complexion and hue to her face.

Aunt Dinah has gone to the land of the good,
And her ashes repose by her favorite wood,
But her lonely old cottage looks out o'er the plain,
As if it would welcome its mistress again ;
And long may it stand in that rural retreat,
To mind us of her we no longer may meet,
When we go after blackberries, joyful and gay,
And forget the kind hostess who welcomed us ay.

CRAZY STEPHEN.

NOT far from where my childhood played,
In innocence and mirth arrayed,
Where violets breathe and zephyrs fan,
There lived a melancholy man ;
'Twas said that love had proved unkind,
And thus deranged his gentle mind—
And o'er his visage oft I ween,
Pale disappointment could be seen.

Over the fields like one amazed,
Silent and sad, poor Stephen gazed—
Over the fields of green and gold,
Reason rejoices to behold ;
With downcast eye and solemn pace,
He roved about from place to place ;

Children at play beheld and ran,
To shun the harmless crazy man.

His sad, wild musings no one knew,
But they were of a gentle hue,
For treated well, there seemed a ray
Of reason round its throne to play ;
A grateful smile, would often seem
To leap, like an imprisoned beam,
Into his features, and his eye,
Then back, in sad despair to die.

His mind still bore the deep impress
Of love upon its wilderness—
That still survived, shattered and wrecked,
The chaos of his intellect ;
An island sunk beneath the sea,
Blooming in freshness, if it be
Like that, sweet recollection stole
Love from the oblivion of his soul.

He knew his early friends, and all
The scenes he loved before his fall—
Although all present was destroyed,
The past still lingered in the void ;
His mind lived through its freshness then,
It knew no more of things or men,
But sunk, leaving one only trace,
Its past affections in the place.

But Stephen doth no longer roam—
He's found, as all must find, their home—

But in his life, when deeply viewed,
There was a strange vicissitude ;
'Twas strange that love when unreturned,
Should quench the light that inly burned,
And change the pride of nature's plan,
To a poor, helpless, crazy man.

THE HOLLOW TREE.

I ONCE knew a couple contented in life,
I knew them quite well, the man and his wife—
They lived in a hollow tree ;
The blackberries ripened around them, and they
Were as happy as any who lived in their day,
Although of a low degree.

Their looks were so kind, the young people would while
Their own cares away, in the sun of their smile,
When they fled from the world's melee,
And sought the repose of an evening hour,
In that humble retirement from pride and from power,
The shade of the hollow tree.

Thus their lives glided on, like a river at rest,
By its banks of sweet flowers, all beauteous and blest,
To its home in an endless sea ;
They knew not the world, and they cared for no more,
Than the bounty that nature brought home to the door
Of their home in the hollow tree.

'Twas a chestnut, and time had been busily there,
Corroding what nature had cherished with care
For many a century ;
But tho' it was old, it still stood in its pride,
And spread its green branches protecting and wide—
'Twas kind in the hollow tree.

I've stood in the palace, and sat with the great,
But there I found envy, suspicion, and hate,
And gorgeous misery ;
'Tis better, far better, I said, to be poor,
And I'd rather, much rather, be found at the door
Of my friends of the hollow tree.

THE OLD OVEN.

A FEW days ago, I beheld an old oven,
With an entrance decayed and a fractured wall—
Its side by the steel of old time had been riven,
But the charm of its age on my spirit did fall ;
It recalled the delight of the maiden and mother,
Surrounded with neighbors and relatives gay,
Delighted again to partake with each other,
The good things of life on a *Thanksgiving day*.

It recalled to my mind the bright days of good living,
Of abundance and peace, which our forefathers saw
When the plough in the earth was contentedly diving.
And men *went to church* without *going to law*—
It brought to my mind, too, the young, blushing *creatures*,
So plump and so fair, yet so modest and shy,

With the bright bloom of health overspreading their features,
And a smile on their cheek and a dove in their eye.

The table arrayed in the beautiful order,
Our grandmothers used in the last century—
The dimity cover and tasselled border,
With plates made of maple and fine hickory—
The old silver tankard, with cider o'erflowing,
The poultry that seemed "come and eat me" to call,
The duck and the rooster, that yet seemed a-crowing,
And e'en the old gobbler, the prince of them all.

Oh! when shall I revel in rivers of gravy,
Of butter and honey, as they did of yore—
Or such oceans of fat as would float a small navy,
When the pots groaned "enough," and the kettles "no more?"
Ah, me! will there never arrive a re-action,
When ovens no longer shall "emptiness" cry,
Nor tables be spread with a "mental abstraction,"
The stomach to mock, and the teeth to defy?

Alas! will there never again be presented,
The holyday pudding, and christmas-day pie,
And the gingerbread loaves, all with cinnamon scented?
I asked the old oven, and heard the reply:
"So long as the dandy, the driv'ler and sloven,
Half-baked, round the country are suffered to drone,
And the plough is neglected, the distaff and oven,
You may ask of me bread, and I'll give you a stone.

Then repair to the plough, and repair to the oven,
I said to myself, as I musing returned—

'Tis the way to recover the blessings of heaven,
So gracelessly lost, and so foolishly mourned ;
Then the days of abundance, and mirth, and good living,
Our fathers enjoyed, will again re-appear,
And the ox and the fatling again be seen thriving,
To crown with *thanksgiving* the end of the year.

THE OLD PEWTER PLATTER.

I SING of the days and the nights of good fare,
When old-fashioned plenty reigned over the land—
When tables could carry one ox or a pair,
So large were they made and so firm did they stand ;
Thus singing, I passed an old pewter platter,
That stood by a paling, held up by a shoar,
Its ample dimensions they made my mouth water,
To think of the slaughter it formerly bore—
The old pewter platter that made my mouth water,
To think of the slaughter it formerly bore.

The plates now in use, indeed if there be any—
For I have heard many condemn such a thing—
Are much of the size of a worn out sixpenny,
How like to the old pewter platter I sing !
A change so degrading, I thought to be aiding
The causes that conquered republics of yore,
And I thought it much better to use the old platter,
And mess with the slaughter it formerly bore—
The old pewter platter that made my mouth water,
To think of the slaughter it formerly bore.

How changed is the aspect of men and of manners,
As plates have grown less, so has courage and men—
They fight, it is true, under petticoat banners,
And the motto they bear is a rabid old hen ;
We've fallen in nature, we're pigmies in stature, ,
We dine on a sixpenny plate, or a four,
We stare at the sight of an old pewter platter,
And faint at the slaughter it formerly bore—
The old pewter platter that made my mouth water,
To think of the slaughter it formerly bore.

Where now are the Anaks, that conquered the lion
Of Britain, and made the old cannibal roar ?
Their glorious ashes the tomb doth environ—
There is but one way the old race to restore ;
'Tis to dine off the platter, a yard and a quarter
Across the bright surface—I'll ask then no more,
Save the roast beef and pudding, and all the rich loading,
And glorious flooding it formerly bore—
The old pewter platter that made my mouth water,
To think of the slaughter it formerly bore.

JACK NORRIS.

I KNOW an old sailor, Jack Norris his name,
His cheeks red as roses, his hair much the same ;
The rude touch of the ocean his features have lined,
But the heart of Jack Norris is gentle and kind.

The child of the sea, of old Neptune the son,
He is wed to his ship and true to his gun—

All fear he despises, all climates will dare,
And if danger be present, Jack Norris is there.

Base flattering words he will never bestow,
He speaks what he thinks to his friend or his foe,
A coat his contempt, but his jacket of blue,
Is as dear to poor Jack, as is gold to the Jew.

A rope and his bible is all he can read,
True courage his motto, and kindness his creed;
The root of all evil he spurns from his store—
He's a seaman at sea, but a sailor on shore.

His heart is not sad when his pockets are light,
And when they are full, none are sad in his sight;
To the wind and the waves all his treasure he owes,
Just like them, on all, he his treasure bestows.

I passed by his craft as she rode by the quay,
And he stood on her deck, looking merry as May,
With a pipe in his mouth, and a quid in each cheek,
And the star-spangled banner aloft at his peak.

Though his gains be but few and his vessel but small,
Jack's destiny does not disturb him at all;
If a sixpence his pocket can claim as its own,
On his taffrail he sits, like a prince on his throne.

Then a feeling of pleasure came o'er me, to see
A being so humble, yet happy as he,
For if happiness dwells where so little's possessed,
Then, I said, that like Jack, all the world may be blessed.

AUNT SUSANNAH BROWN.

I KNOW an old lady, full fourscore and ten,
Who yet lives and breathes with the children of men,
Though her step be not such as it was in her teens,
On her old oaken staff it is seldom she leans.

She's the pink of politeness, and courteous to all,
And treats every one with good manners who call—
She's free in her cottage, from wealth and from want,
And her friends and her relatives all call her Aunt.

Her apron is tied in the old fashioned way,
And dressed in her best, she is cheerful and gay—
She knows what becomes her respectable age,
For the hand of good sense writes her every day page.

Full three generations of men she has known—
And she stands in her own native village alone,
The oldest and best, and by all most beloved,
For a virtuous life she has lived, and improved.

Though the friends of her youth have all gone to their rest,
Yet still she is anxious to do what is best,
She does not sit down and mourn over her loss,
But grateful to Heaven she takes up her cross.

She sews, and she washes, and works with her hands,
And the winds of the winter her countenance fans—
She is never afraid to go out in the street,
For nature is all the old friend she can meet.

Oh ! no—there is one, I had almost forgot,
'Tis her God—He's her friend in or out of her cot,
His goodness attends her, His blessings delight,
Give her pleasure by day, smooth her pillow at night.

I love the old lady, so good and so wise,
For living a life every one ought to prize,
For leaving a mantle of duty so fair,
That all will delight to assume and to wear.

Oh ! smooth be thy passage and sweet be thy rest,
And the cold hand of death be it light on thy breast,
When thy lamp shall go out, and thy sun shall go down,
And bright angels attend thee, my Aunt Susan Brown.

AUGUSTUS GRIFFING, ESQ.

I know an old gentleman, fully fourscore,
Who yet seems among us as young as of yore—
He's always at home, conversational, free,
And a courteous old gentleman always is he.

He walks down the street with his cane in his hand,
With a step of importance, an air of command,
And if a good story he chanced to begin,
He first shoves his handkerchief up to his chin.

Though his stature be small, 'tis surrounded with grace,
And his heart, I am certain, is in the right place,
For mirth and good nature sits perched on his brow,
Tho' time has run over it oft with his plough.

His words are well chosen, his language refined,
And his visage reflects an intelligent mind ;
An eye for the beauties of nature betrays,
That the fire of the poet continues to blaze.

His mind is a record of ages and dates,
And his knowledge to others with pride he relates—
Grand-fathers, grand-mothers, great-uncles and aunts,
All start into life from his memory's haunts.

He dresses with taste, and is cheerful and gay,
And looks like a prince in his best holiday,
Tho' stern o'er his features impressed is the sage,
The signet of virtue, the wisdom of age.

In a moss-covered cottage, alone and retired,
Lives this worthy old patriarch, loved and admired ,
Where often his friends are delighted to sit,
To feast on his lore and regale on his wit.

And long may he live in his pleasant abode,
And flowers spring up to the end of his road—
And when with life's journey his struggles shall cease,
May his sun set in brightness, his eyes close in peace.

AUNT FAN'S APPEAL TO HER RICH FRIENDS.

OPEN the door, I want to get
A little food and comfort from your fire ;
My feet are cold, benumbed and wet ;

Oh ! can you youthful days forget—

Open the door — * Dyer.

Open the door, I'm sick and old,

And you soon may be feeble as I am—

I'm thinly clad, the weather's cold,

And silver I have none or gold,

Open the door — † Sam.

Open the door, I'm bent and lame,

I fain would sit a little while and chat,

Down by your warm and cozy flame,

I've changed while you look much the same ;

Open the door — ‡ Nat.

Open the door, we once were young,

And danced the tune of lively moneymuss—

But now my songs are all unsung,

My harp is on the willows hung,

Open the door — § Gus.

Open the door, I want to eat,

For on my sorrows long I've only fed ;

An old acquaintance you can treat,

Your heart with kindness once did beat,

Open the door — || Fred.

Open the door, my hair is gray,

My eye is dim—my step uncertain, slow—

* Capt. Caleb Dyer, now alive—1849.

† Capt. Samuel Hobart, deceased.

‡ Mr. Nathaniel Tuthill, now alive.

§ Augustus Griffing, Esq., now alive.

|| Capt. Frederick Taber, now alive.

We once were boy and girl at play,
As happy as the birds in May,
Open the door —— * Jo.

Open the door, I want to lie
Upon your bed—before I journey hence ;
We once were joyous, you and I,
But now I'm sad, and soon must die,
Open the door —— † Dence.

* Joseph Terry, Esq., now alive.

† Mrs. Prudence Patty, now alive.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MY CHILDHOOD'S STAR.

WHEN I was quite a little child,
My thoughts were wandering and wild,
To wayward fancies tending—
The wishes wrong, the strange desires,
Told of the heart's unchastened fires,
The good and evil blending.

A simple legend I will tell
Of my young years, that those who feel
The same desires arising,
May learn such dangerous thoughts to quell
While yet in infancy they dwell,
If peace be worth their prizing.

Once when a boy, I sat alone
Upon a rude sequestered stone,
The glorious heavens admiring ;
The planets large, the smaller ones,
The satellites and fixed suns,
And waning orbs retiring.

One little brilliancy above
The rest—in beauty won my love—
I sighed for its possession ;

And oh ! it gave me greatest pain,
To think I could not it attain—
I cried with childish passion.

And every eve, sad and alone,
Upon this same sequestered stone,
I told my plaintive story—
How dear to me it shone afar,
The soft, bewitching, radiant star,
The little twinkling glory.

My friends beheld my form decay,
Beheld me pale, and pine away,
Into a shadow turning ;
And kindest antidotes applied
Unto my heart—ere they descried
The secret of its burning.

It happened on a summer's night,
As sweet as ever ravished sight,
A playmate found me pining,
Beside a little brook that lay,
Along his humble, homeward way,
Under a rose reclining.

And straightway told his friends that he,
Had seen me prone upon my knee—
The moonbeams round me stealing,
Address the stars, that move on high
In an exquisite rhapsody
Of eloquence and feeling.

The story told, caress and smile,
And artful praise, and envious wile,
Were lavished daily round me—
An infant prodigy proclaimed—
My little heart was all inflamed,
And there the muses bound me.

They bound me in ambition's snare,
And now you see me, what they are
And have been—whose vocation ;
It is to range by rock and stream—
To waste their days in tears, to dream
For other's recreation.

Oh ! I shall ne'er forget the star,
Hopes sweetest, earliest harbinger—
The scene that heard the story
Of inspiration's youngest joy ;
When it upraised the sinking boy
With promises of glory.

MY CHILDHOOD'S HEAVEN.

ONCE when a sweet and sinless child,
All innocent and undefiled,
Not over six or seven,
It was my rapture and my joy,
My nightly dream, my day's employ,
To plan a little Heaven.

One lovely Spring I found my way,
Down by a small and shaded bay,

Which, owing to the trees
And shrubs of bayberry around,
Laid in a silence deep, profound,
Of calmness and of ease—

There by that moveless, silvery wave,
My infant mind the outline gave
Of the abode of love !
And there I planted sweetest flowers,
Such as I deemed the angel bowers
Were blooming with above.

'Twas small, that miniature of bliss,
Ten feet each way, or something less,
Down in a little vale
Where daisies and primroses grew,
And scented airs swept sweetly through,
To please and to regale.

When all the flowers had gaily spread,
Their beauties o'er my Eden's bed,
And all the trees were green ;
With ecstasy my little hands
Laid out the streets and fairy lands—
'Twas a delicious scene.

For many a day 'twas my delight,
To pave the streets with pebbles white—
As snow by winter driven—
Transparent were they every one,
And glittered in the noon-day sun
Bright as the dews of heaven.

I built a little glassy lake,
Within the centre for the sake
Of sweet variety ;
Its waters, I essayed to bring,
From a pellucid crystal spring,
That ran meandering by.

There gondolas, with fairy sails,
Made of the blossoms of the vales,
Of every form and hue ;
Floated around with careless ease,
Like ships upon halcyon seas,
When balmy zephyrs blew.

Then came the little birds as though,
Enamored of a scene below,
So novel yet so fair—
And in their soft and pensive lays,
Warbled their notes of peace and praise,
To recompense my care.

My paradise is now no more,
The plough has passed it o'er and o'er ;
Yet often in my sleep,
The same enchanting scenery
All beautiful, again I see,
And then awake and weep.

AMERICA.

LET them boast their place of birth, where the tyrant rules the
earth,

And resound its praises forth, who their kings obey—
There is not a land so fine, so delightful and divine,
Or so beautiful as thine, oh ! America.

Let them count their princes o'er, and their palaces explore,
And their pageant now no more, and what are they ?
Every man a prince is here, in his twenty-second year,
And no potentate may fear in America.

What is grandeur and renown, or a palace or a crown,
Where the working-man is down by oppression's sway—
The glory that we prize is above such vanities,
'Tis the freedom beaming eyes of America.

My Lord Duke, sir, if you please, or King George's proteges,
Never saw our bended knees, I am proud to say—
The homage we declare, princes would be glad to share,
'Tis unto the *lovely fair* of America.

We have forests, prairies, lands, where the soil uncultured stands,
All we want is willing hands, brother come away ;
Leave the crown's accursed race, to all manhood a disgrace,
Come and show your honest face in America.

Come the Polish refugee, and the Russian serf, and see
Man erect in dignity, come Hibernia—
Come all ye oppressed, come, make our happy land your home,
We have plenty yet of room in America.

Will you see your children bow to a heartless tyrant low,
And a tax upon the plough, which you cannot pay ;
If ye would not, cross the wave—who would live and die a slave,
Come and find a freeman's grave in America.

Where the Indian drew his bow, by the winding Ohio,
See the milk and honey flow, and the village gay ;
In our valleys of the West, there the exiled and oppressed
Find a refuge, and are blest in America.

THIS WORLD IS NOT A WILDERNESS.

THIS world is not a wilderness ;
I know it by its vernal tress.
I know by its abodes of bliss,
This world is not a wilderness.

I know it, by its features fair,
And bright complexion everywhere,
And by the splendor of its dress,
This world is not a wilderness.

I know by every singing bird,
With thrilling rapture I have heard,
Its loveliness and power to bless,
This world is not a wilderness.

I know it by the verdure spread
Around for beauty's angel tread ;
I know it by love's fond caress,
This world is not a wilderness.

Come melancholy, dry thy tears,
Behold the Spring again appears ;
Gaze on its beauty, and confess
This world is not a wilderness

Come sorrow, throw thy weeds away,
Better the flowers of bright-eyed May,
Around the brow of Hope to press,—
This world is not a wilderness.

Come tear the cypress from thy brow,
The rose is blooming brightly now,
And sighing for thy glad embrace :
This world is not a wilderness.

REPLY TO THE FOREGOING, BY WILLIAM, OF LITTLE
FALLS, HERKIMER COUNTY, N. Y.

I know it by those weeds of woe,
I know it by Death's dealing blow ;
Earth has no sure abode of bliss,—
This world is all a wilderness.

I know it by yon furrowed face,
Where tears do course them down apace,
Betokening sorrow's cold embrace—
This world is all a wilderness,

I know it by the maiden's sigh,
The pale, pale cheek and tearful eye ;
The heart that's rendered comfortless :
This world is all a wilderness.

I know it by the sighing breeze,
Th' autumnal dirge, the falling leaves,
And biting frost's spring flowers caress—
This world is all a wilderness.

I know it by the broken heart
And wild despair, by misery's dart,
And mad ambition doth confess,
This world to be a wilderness.

Pale melancholy's tears and sighs,
And stern contention's flashing eyes,
And virtue fallen—all address,
Whispering "This world's a wilderness."

REPLY TO WILLIAM.

THIS world's a wilderness—of flowers :
I know it by its blooming bowers,
That blossom in the Spring ;
Where the Arcadian roses blow,
And morning's joyful anthems flow
To Heaven in offering.

Where twilight's stillness gently falls
Around the landscape, and recalls
The minstrel of the even ;
The grasshopper, that pensive sings
His song in plaintive murmurings,
Amid the dews of Heaven.

Where stars from lofty thrones on high,
Look down upon the scene and sigh
 To kiss a world so fair ;
And all the live-long night bestow
Its glances on its form below,
 Like lovers in despair.

This world's a wilderness of light,
Where love, and song, and beauty bright,
 Each day, and night, and noon,
Assemble their respects to pay,
And homage to the god of day,
 And to the queenly moon.

I know this world's a wilderness,
But 'tis of happiness and bliss,
 If we but make it so ;
'Tis passion, pride, remorse and sin
In us—and not the world we're in,
 Makes it a world of woe.

The storm that gathers in the cloud,
The tempest that complains aloud,
Have blessings still in store ;
Upon a wild and stormy wing
'Tis to the flower and field they bring
 The sweet refreshing shower.

The bounded view which only sees
A world of pain and miseries,
 Beholds with jaundiced eyes ;
The heart that sorrows o'er its state,
And mourns its own and other's fate,
 Hath borrowed all its sighs.

This world, so made for man's repose,
His fancy has supplied with woes,
Because misunderstood ;
A little knowledge would have told
Him, dross is ever found with gold,
The evil with the good.

The sweets of life would all be thrown
Away, if we had never known
The wormwood and the gall ;
By tasting joy, and tasting pain,
A knowledge of the place we gain
Where drops of honey fall.

FALLEN LEAVES.

I TREAD upon the fallen leaves around me,
Where I have passed the summer's golden hours,
Where thrilling notes from happy birds have bound me,
Amid the foliage green and blooming flowers ;
With pensive steps and solemn thoughts I wander
Among the scattered relics of the year,
Upon the blissful past I sweetly ponder,
And o'er the gloomy present drop a tear.

Where songs of gladness struck the chords of feeling,
With joyful and inimitable tones ;
Where balmy airs among the blossoms stealing,
Saluted nature on her thousand thrones.
I hear no sound except the fruitage falling,
Or distant murmurs from the village swain,

Or e'en some lost and lonely robin calling
Unto its mate it ne'er shall see again.

Pensive I seek the silver fretted river,
Where Summer's moonbeams danced upon its wave,
I see it cold and placid with a shiver—
The fallen leaves have found it for a grave;
Green were its banks, and blossoms hung around it,
When Summer dropped its fragrance on its shore,
But thorns, alas! and briars have closely bound it,
Its banks are green, its waters bright no more.

I climb the hill-top, gaze upon the ocean,
To see its islands green, and gaily dressed,
But all is warfare there and wild commotion,
No islands bloom upon its heaving breast;
Blue were its waters, when the Summer blended
Its green and gala islands with the sea,
How soon that scene of dazzling beauty ended—
There's nothing left but sadness unto me.

Where shall I worship—since all nature fading,
With every scene I loved so dearly—wars.
Have I no idols? yes, I see them wading
Along another sphere—the heavenly stars;
Oh! I will gaze upon their mystic glory,
Since it is held before my wond'ring eye—
When the green earth is frosted o'er and hoary,
My muse's worship, shall the stars supply.

THOUGHTS AT SEA.

How strange we live, how thoughtlessly,
Upon this life's deceitful sea—
Upon the treacherous waves that bore
Our good old fathers, now no more ;
The summers bland, the winters bleak,
The same soft gale upon the cheek,
The drops of bliss, the sea of cares,
And all our hopes and fears were theirs ;
Then let us every hour employ,
On pleasure's harp, and strike for joy.

Like us, they breasted storms and rain,
Some real good, or false, to gain—
Like ours, their hopes would oft beguile,
And disappointment crown their toil ;
They sipped the nectar of their day,
And drank the poison of decay—
Had hopes, fond hopes, and warm desires,
And died, alas ! our good old sires ;
Then let us every hour employ,
On duty's harp, and strike for joy.

The stream we sail so swiftly o'er,
Its multitudes hath borne before—
Alike the sad, the gay, and grave,
Pursued the bubble on its wave—
With nights of care, and days of toil,
Ere they laid down " this mortal coil ;"
What time they lived, what time they died,
The tomb relates—go read it, pride !
Then let us every hour employ,
On wisdom's harp, and strike for joy.

The expectation that our star
Is brighter than our father's were,
And that our gales through life, will be
All fair, will prove a fallacy—
For so did theirs—the dead and gone—
'Tis written on the cold gray stone :
“ Here lieth one whose morning fair,
Gave hopes of bliss—but ended there ;”
Then let us every hour employ,
On virtue's harp, and strike for joy.

Oh ! let us all our friends embrace,
Before we reach our resting place,
Down in the deep, oblivious sea,
Where rusheth all mortality ;
We are but shadows, and we fly,
Like shadows, o'er life's scenery—
O'er spots of green and worlds of waste,
And leave our pathway all untraced,
Then let us every hour employ,
On friendship's harp, and strike for joy.

But shadows though we seem to be,
Shadows betray reality—
And though on death's dark wave we're cast,
Hope hath an anchor strong and fast,
Which she holds out, with blissful smiles,
Around her green enchanted isles—
The same they used in days of yore,
Our good old fathers, now no more ;
Then let us every hour employ,
On hope's bright harp, and strike for joy.

THE PAST *vs.* THE PRESENT.

Ye great-grand-mas and ancient crones,
Who taught our childhood wonder tales,
Of fairies flitting through the zones,
Holding their broomsticks up for sails—
Of gipsies, genii, ghosts and witches,
And jack-a-lantern swamps and ditches.

Could ye have lived to hear me tell,
What here I purpose to essay,
In this wayfaring doggerel,
Your pinch of Scotch would melt away—
Your needles have spasmodic twiches,
And run quite mad around the stitches.

First, then, your racers of the air,
Those capering wights around the moon—
I fancy they would scarcely dare,
To navigate the gas-balloon,
That sweeps o'er states, and soon dispatches
A distance that astounds the watches.

The fair, and not the fairies ride,
The whirlwind in a car they crowd—
Beauty and blushes, bona-fide,
Attend the levee of the cloud ;
The beau on earth in vain beseeches,
The kiss he claims, the rainbow reaches.

Our rail-roads too, I much opine,
Could they have seen the whizzing cars,
As we do on the Amboy line,

They would amazed, exclaim " My stars,
These beat our racing imps and witches,
For to one's tail, a hundred hitches!"

And then our steam-boats, how they go
They'd stood aghast at such a sight—
A jack-o-lantern at each prow—
Of full five hundred every night,
That almost in a twinkling snatches
Us fast asleep, from Maine to Natchez.

Our grand-ma dearly loved her coin,
And in a mitten kept it snug—
Full fifty when she put her paw in—
Bright coppers she would closely hug.
Whew ! what if she could feel the riches,
The paper dollars in our breeches !

Our grand-ma was not spare of words,
She had a tongue and she could talk
A half an hour, perchance two-thirds,
But then she always stopt to hawk—
What, if she'd heard our seven-day speeches,
"Joan of Arc," she'd cried, "egregious."

But wonder ceases now to stare,
And admiration groweth pale,
Our great-grand-mas are getting rare.
Those that will venture on a tale
For every day's invention hatches,
A story equal to Sam Patch's.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE MARE.

I KNEW by her mane, all besprinkled with grey,
And the dawn of her thirtieth year,
And her slow moving pace, that the steps of decay
Were bringing life's period near.

With grief I surveyed the change time had made,
In that form which my boyhood caressed ;
And regretted the end of so faithful a friend,
For with her was my infancy blessed.

I remembered the days of her glory and pride,
They were all dressed in sunshine and flowers,
And 'twas painful to see her once glossy side,
Exposed to the cold wind and showers.

'Twas hard, when dejected, and feeble, and old,
To see her so patient and mild,
Turned away from the stable to buffet the cold,
For oft we together had toiled.

And I thought of a creature so faithful and kind,
If the world be ungrateful to thee,
To a being who boasts an intelligent mind,
'Tis a warning and lesson to me.

When age o'er the *friend* of life's lovely morn,
Comes in concert with want and with woe,
To remember their care, nor forget to return
The debt and the duty I owe.

THE ICICLE.

ONE morning I took a ramble out,
To see what the elements were about,
On a cold and frosty day ;
An icicle stood up in my path,
And I kicked it away in silent wrath,
This icicle in my way.

But a second thought came to me then :
'Twas that there is much may be learned by men,
In all that God has made ;
From the brightest stars that gem the sky,
To the smallest dust, that escapes the eye,
His reasoning power to aid.

Then I took the icicle in my hand,
And saw with delight how fair t'was planned,
And beautiful to the view ;
How played around it, a thousand rays,
And reflected about the solar blaze,
In every form and hue.

How in this bright and pellucid gem,
There stood imprisoned a grassy stem,
Just visible to the eye ;
How around this stem, its robes of light,
Had gathered in a single night,
So grand and gloriously.

Then my awakened thoughts began,
To compare the icicle with man,
The resemblance to find ;

Round what a feeble helpless mass,
Just like that little spire of grass,
Gathers his glorious mind.

Ray after ray from the stores of light,
Sparkle and blaze on his inner sight,
Like gems of a forming star ;
Day after day, year after year,
Assembling a brightness around its sphere,
For the world of his mind to wear.

Then since in a little icicle,
Such themes for thought are found to dwell,
Which every foot may spurn.
Oh ! let us remember the earth is full,
Of wisdom, and truth, inexhaustible,
And wonder, admire, and learn.

THE MUSKRAT.

THE Muskrat builds him a pyramid,
In the rushes snug and warm,
And all the winter he keeps him hid,
For he knows how much for his skin is bid,
That protects him from cold and storm.

He's a thirsty blade, and no mistake,
As his habits plainly tell,
For he builds his castle within a lake,
And day or night, he his thirst can slake,
For within it he keeps a well.

He's a dainty beau, for he bathes him oft,
Just like an Eastern Shah ;
And then he siestas, within his loft,
His coat is smooth, and fine, and soft,
With an essence so grateful——ah !

He's a gallant chap, for he keeps his wives,
As snug as a nabob king ;
For under the water, they say he dives
With them, when a stranger rat arrives,
But I guess there is no such thing.

He has not a taste for pageant and show,
For he keeps himself at home ;
He takes a look at the weather though,
But he cares not a fig for the rain or snow,—
If it comes, he says, “ there is room.”

He lays him down on his mossy bed,
And there all winter he lies ;
Until the snow and the ice have fled,
And the sun peeps into his rustic shed,
And tells him 'tis time to rise.

'Tis a pleasant thing to live beneath
The water, or on the land ;
For 'tis a trouble to always breathe,
And to always think—and the Muskrat's Lethe,
Oh ! 'tis superbly grand.

But to be a prince, and to walk or swim,
And to breathe or not, the air ;
To own a castle, and live so trim,
And to have of wives a whole Harem—
'Tis more than I could bear.

THE EAGLE AND HAWK—A FACT.

An eagle was prowling over a bay,
Around the ether, watching for prey—
While the hawks were fishing around for plaice,*
An industrious but an humble race.

His feelings were proud, and his bearing high,
As he sailed around the azure sky,
And he looked with scorn on the drudging mass,
For he did not belong to the laboring class.

“Let them fish,” said he, “and when they have caught
A good one, I’ll seize it as quick as thought,
And then I’ll banquet on their toil,
And they may dine on nothing the while.”

The fishing-hawks were all intent,
In watching the fish in their element.
And many a fruitless plunge they made,
Although adepts in the fishing trade.

And all unconscious were they of fear,
For they saw no sign of an enemy near ;
For the eagle had wound himself so high,
As scarce to be seen with the naked eye.

But one at last made a fortunate dive,
And caught a flounder kicking alive,
And after giving himself a shake,
His course to his nest was about to take.

* Plaice, or flat fish.

But the eagle plainly saw all that past,
And he thought it time to break his fast ;
So he set his wings like a bird that's slain,
And come rushing down like a hurricane.

Like a thunderbolt, darting on its way,
Crash, came the eagle upon his prey,
Then the hawk gave one agonizing cry,
And fell on the hard, cold earth to die.

But the fish was caught before it fell,
By the eagle, who bore it away with a yell.
I saw it all, and my "dander riz,"
And I cursed the eagle, and all of his.

And oft this happens the poor man's fate.
Who rises early, and works 'till late ;
After obtaining a pittance small,
Comes a nobler thief, and takes it all.

MY PILLOW.

OH! tell me not that gold can bless,
Or all this wide world can possess—
I value all its pleasures less,
Than thy exquisite soft caress,

My pillow.

When much oppressed with grief and care,
I to my lowly couch repair,
(For piety is pleasant there,)
To lisp upon thy down a prayer,

My pillow.

Oft have my slumbers made appear,
Some dreadful monster drawing near—
And I have sweat and quaked with fear—
And waking, joyed that thou wert near,
My pillow.

When the gay heaven is overcast,
And polar air hath steel'd the blast—
To dream upon the flowery past,
With joy I to thy bosom haste,
My pillow.

Oft have I, in the evening gale,
When blossoms in the breezes sail,
To muse upon its solemn wail—
Made the wild roses of the vale,
My pillow.

When far from home and friends I stray,
How pleasant and how short the way,
To meet them all, and chat and play--
Carried by thee, as calm I lay,
My pillow.

When proud and wicked people try,
To cast on me a scornful eye,
And lift their silly heads so high—
Oft thou hast told me they must die,
My pillow.

When in some land I've wished to be,
Some green, green isle, in some blue sea,

I've courted thy sweet company—
Of all bright worlds thou hast the key,
My pillow.

When sickness o'er me comes, and woe,
Like rolling floods when tempests blow,
And ebbing life has lost its glow,
What can o'er all, oblivion throw ?
My pillow.

When life shall no gay prospect lend,
And twilight shadows round descend,
And downward to the tomb I tend,
I'll make of thee a constant friend,
My pillow.

THE ANCIENT MAIDEN.

I'm now almost sixty—the season is o'er—
I climbed up the mountain or fled to the shore ;
The pride of the earth, and the charms of the sea,
Have lost all their glory and grandeur to me.

The glow of the daisy is unrivalled still,
That modestly waves on the side of the hill ;
The fir, and cedar, arise as sublime
As they did in the days of king Solomon's time.

It is not that nature is prone to decay,
Or reluctant, her art or address to display,
That the charms of her pencil refuse to appear,
In the splendor they did in my twentieth year.

But time from my brow with a diligent hand,
Each year plucks a flower for the loss of his sand,
And leaves in its place, an old wrinkle or frown,
To fright from me every sweet beau in the town.

They told me my features were formed to beguile,
And the red on my cheek was the primrose's soil—
That my birth it was under a beautiful star,
And my fame should excel all the families far.

And vanity now the fond libel to read,
My steps to the toilet will oftentimes lead,
And flatter me so, with an elegant air,
I think myself still to be tolerably fair.

And oft when my cap is put gracefully on,
I muse on the conquests my youthfulness won,
And fancy some traces of beauty remain,
As I glance to the mirror again and again.

OPEN THE DOOR.

A HUMBLE bard, with simple strain,
Appeals, my wealthy friends, again,
In favor of the poor ;
Hunger, with sad, beseeching eyes,
And nakedness, imploring cries,
“ Open to us the door.”

'Tis winter, and how many, cold,
Sick and dejected, young and old,
Their wretchedness deplore ;

And without fire, or food, or friend,
Over their miseries they bend—
Open the cellar door.

How many, destitute of bread,
To our own plenteous land have fled,
Oppression's rod before ;
Their's is no common tale of woe—
Their country, all is lost below—
Open the generous door.

Many a pious orphan son,
Or father with his mourning on,
And head all silvered o'er—
A last asylum, and a home,
They ask, while trembling o'er the tomb—
Open to them the door.

The gallant Pole his native soil—
The exile of the Emerald isle—
Have left to see no more ;
Ye who have homes, and joy, and mirth,
And comforts round the lighted hearth,
Open to them the door.

Unfeeling sure, must be the man,
Ungrateful to his God, who can
Behold the poor implore,
For something their life to sustain,
Or shelter from the cold and rain,
And turn and shut the door.

Oh no ! with us it must not be—
We know not our own destiny—
Ours is a borrowed store ;
Heaven sends us rain and genial dew,
And spring its bounties shall renew—
Heaven does not shut the door.

Then let your purses, one and all,
Be opened wide, at mercy's call—
Heaven will the gift restore ;
If we shall e'er admittance crave,
To happiness beyond the grave—
'Twill open us the door.

ADVICE.

WHEN the trees are blooming,
Breathing through their leaves,
And the flowers assuming,
What the earth receives—
Beauty, from the starry
Firmament of blue—
Vigor, from the airy
Freshness of the dew.

When the ant is heaving
Up his hillock high,
And the spider weaving
Netting for the fly,
And the fire-fly hunting
Up his truant bride,

With his fiery bunting
Blazing by his side.

When the larvæ rises
From its earthly cell,
Leaving its disguises
Nothing but a shell—
Dressing in its gauzes,
Blue, and white, and green,
Is with loud applauses,
Hailed a nation's queen.*

When the wily cricket,
For his sooty race,
Opens wide the wicket
Of his hiding place,
Leads his dark guerrillas,
Where the butter flows,
In the lady's cellars,
Piping as he goes.

When the grub is groping
Through the darksome earth,
And perchance is hoping
For a second birth ;
In some brighter region,
With a brace of wings,
Joined unto a legion
Of such gaudy things.

*The Queen Bee,

Then my pretty maiden
Hearken unto me,
For my verse is laden
With advice to thee ;
When thy lover presses,
Who so long has plead,
Welcome his addresses,
For 'tis time to wed.

MY CHILDHOOD'S LOVE.

ONE evening soft, and calm and mild,
When people thought me but a child,
All unsuspecting I
Was bound by love, and then betrayed
Unto a sweet, unconscious maid,
Beauty's own imagery.

'Twas Summer, beautiful and bright,
The moon sent down celestial light
To play o'er stream and hill ;
And in a wood that blossomed near,
A serenade addressed the ear,
Played by the whippowil.

We met, a joy bewildered band,
Leading each other by the hand,
To sport among the trees ;
Gay nymphs among the trees to hide,
And swains to seek and win a bride
With kisses should they please.

Among the rest I swiftly strove,
To single out my lady love,
 The fairest of the fair,
Of that delighted, sportive train,
But long I tried the race in vain
 Through that enchanted air.

The blue eyed damsel caught at last,
I fondly to my bosom pressed,
 All blushing like the rose,
When first it meets th' embrace of day,
Some tender bud of gentle May,
 That hangs its head and glows.

No mortal eye that first caress
Could see in all its loveliness,
 And not enraptured own,
That there are still upon the earth
Moments that seem of heavenly birth,
 Alas ! how quickly flown.

A change came o'er that moonlit scene,
That shone so fairy and serene—
 Pale nature wore a frown,
The sky assumed a murky hue,
The lightning flashed, the hoarse wind blew,
 The rain came rushing down.

That night I saw my angel dear,
Shiv'ring with cold and pale with fear,
 Enter her parent's home—

Alas ! that fatal night—no more
She passed the flower-encircled door,
Death's messenger had come.

Swift the fell demons of decay,
Feasted upon the lovely prey,
Whilst I, like one amazed,
To see the wreck of life and love,
Come like a judgment from above,
Upon the victim gazed.

Like one indulged a glimpse of heaven,
From its bright portals to be driven
When all he thought his own—
So I sat down, with dark despair
The remnant of my days to share,
To sorrow and to mourn.

TO THE SOUTH WIND.

Come gentle wind from beauty's isles,
The isles of evergreen,
And bring rejoicing days and smiles,
And evenings soft, serene.

Fond mem'ry binds our hearts to thee,
As to an absent friend,
Whom hope, far o'er the ocean lea,
Hath promised us to send.

We sit alone and contemplate
The hills deserted, bare,

Or walking mourn the vallies fate,
So desolate they are.

Come kiss the purling brook, and steal
Among the waiting trees,
And on the river's banks reveal
Thy thousand melodies.

Whisper among the silent boughs
Thy balmy presence near ;
And where the sleeping buds repose,
Waft morning's genial tear.

Awaken with thy lisping voice
The slumber of the bee ;
Tell wandering swallows to rejoice,
As they twitter o'er the sea.

Array the worm and butter-fly,
The cricket's song recall,
And with thy soft and mellow sigh,
Bid showers like blessings fall.

Bring pleasure to the mourning vales,
And music to the fields,
And on thy glad and kindly gales
The health—their freshness yields.

Bring flowers—and sweet bewitching lays,
And scenes all soft and fair,
And birds, with wildly gushing praise,
And incense on the air.

So shall our hearts once more awake
To nature's lovely charms,
And inspiration haste to take
Us joyful to her arms.

WINTER.

OLD Winter has crept from his icicle den,
After so many months he is coming again ;
But though he comes roaring, rough shod from the pole,
He'll do us a kindness, I think on the whole.

The crusty old cruiser, I like him somehow—
He's like an old sailor, with truth at his prow—
From his trumpet northwestern, he speaks us before
He puts his cold hand on the latch of the door.

Like a burly old boatswain, hard featured and blue,
He whistles so shrill, that he quite chills us through,
With "All hands upon deck, put your helm hard a-port,
Prepare for the worst, my Jack Tars, that's the sort."

He's a doctor, also, for the fever he'll cure,
Though the pill he prescribes, be a bitter one sure,
For he binds us with frost, and he probes us with cold,
Then he knocks us about with his hailstones, behold !

The clamorous old croaker, he's never at rest,
I like his rough eloquence, distant the best,
For he speaks me so close, and harangues me so near,
He once bit me off a good piece of my ear.

One morning he came in a rage to my door,
His looks were as frosty as fretful fourscore ;
But with a hot poker I just let him know,
He had no business there, and 'twas high time to go.

He cares not for politics, never a fig,
Like a tyrant he rules over tory and whig ;
But the spoils of an office, he likes very well,
For they smooth his old brow, and his wrinkles dispel.

But, though with ill usage he's black-guard and bluff,
By a fire he's a pleasant companion enough—
With good cheer, and good quarters, and money to spare,
I've been in worse company, oft I declare.

The scene of the following description lies near the residence of Capt. Lyndes King, on the east end of Long Island, where the antiquities referred to can be seen at any time.

THE ISLE OF CEDARS.

I KNOW an Isle, not of the seas,
That has been an isle for centuries,
Of trees, and shrubs, and flowers ;
Solemn and sad, alone, I ween,
It blooms a stately evergreen,
Almost unnoticed and unseen,
Basking in suns and showers.

Bordered by meadows green and gray,
It stands beside a silvery bay,

With waters calm and clear ;
Among its firs, the willow weeps,
While silence on its bosom sleeps,
And solitude forever keeps
Its habitation here.

Unmoved, its cedars seem to stand,
Like warriors of a giant band,
Though tempests rend the sky ;
Unscathed they stand the shock of time,
The tempest and the wintry clime,
Awful, imposing and sublime,
Waving their plumes on high.

Within its deep recess appears
A monument of former years—
An Indian fort and mound ;
The broken shaft, and pointed shell,
Found in the deep and buried cell,
Unto the contemplative tell
Of a fierce battle ground.

The records of the endless past,
Are lost upon the gloomy waste,
Of all-devouring time ;
The ambush, and the daring deed,
The chief impaled, the captive freed—
The shadows of the past—forbid
Our late discovered clime.

But still enough remains to show,
A race of warriors long ago,
Were tenants of its soil ;

A hardy, wild, and tameless race,
Of war the sons, and of the chase,
Whose deeds are read, and resting place,
In fragments, and in spoil.

And here in this secluded glen,
These relics show these warlike men
Reposed themselves the while ;
When war with man, or war with beast,
Success, or victory, released
Them, to rejoice, and dance, and feast,
To recompense their toil.

And now these cedars that appear
So reverential and austere,
A monumental pile ;
Seem to relate how firm they stood,
When some wild foeman of the wood,
Found, and with hideous yell subdued
Them in their " Cedar Isle."

GREENPORT, L. I.

WHERE good old Suffolk spreads her arms,
A lovely bay presents its charms,
All spangled o'er with sails ;
By night, and day, that spacious bay,
Business and life, and wealth display,
And gallant vessels, trim and gay,
Wafted by island gales.

Its waters smooth as melted ore,
Securely kiss its peaceful shore,
 Skirted by isles around ;
And isthmuses, and bars and shoals,
That as the great Atlantic rolls,
The rushing giant safely holds
 Within his proper bound.

First, Gardner's Island, like a rock,
Breaks off the sea, from old Montauk,
 A pier, by Nature planned.
And then Plumb Island locked between
The sound, and bay, doth intervene,
Just like an emerald bright and green,
 Upon a lady's hand.

Near where old Sterling's hamlet stood,
In sweet and happy solitude,
 Behold our city rise !
Destined in future times to be
The mart of every land and sea,
And distancing all rivalry,
 In wealth and enterprise.

A channel from the ocean tide,
Deep, safe, and beautiful, and wide,
 Meanders at her feet ;
And winding onward still its way,
It finds the smooth, Peconic bay,
Where Robin's vocal isle doth lay,
 And rival waters meet.

Five hundred ships may safely ride,
Abreast her green, ascending side,
And storm and wave defy ;
And listen to old Neptune's roar,
If he his wrath indignant pour
Upon Easthampton's fated shore,
In calm security.

Brooklyn from her majestic height,
May well look down upon the site
Of this young sister fair !
And fondly take her by the hand,
And by a double railroad band,
Her rising usefulness command,
And wealth and grandeur share.

Then see Long Island ; pleasant line,
Resplendant with improvement shine,
Between its cities bright,
For each a rural paradise,
Where wealth pours out his golden prize,
And towns and villages arise.
And mansions of delight.

SPRING.

I KNOW the Spring has come again,
I know it by the showers of rain,
And by the kildeer's call ;
And by the robin's simpering,
As though she would but dare not sing,
And by the lambkin's gambolling,
And by the waterfall.

I know it by the airs that blow,
So soft upon the ruddy glow
Of rosy cheeks and fair,
And by the stillness of the night,
And clouds that take a higher flight,
And the broad arch of rosy light,
Behind the morning star.

Stern winter to the spring has bowed,
I know it by the fleecy cloud
That hurries to the pole ;
By songs amphibious in the pool,
By truants from the nurse and school,
And by the merry April fool,
And side-way looks and droll.

The Spring is here I know, for he
Has climbed the peach and apple tree,
And buds begin to grow ;
His handy work attracts our eyes,
And birds exchange their courtesies,
As they return from other skies,
And perch from bough to bough.

I see him bubbling down the rill,
A month ago that lay as still
As pebbles on the shore ;
I feel him creeping in my clay,
Dislodging hypocondria,
And driving all the plagues away,
Of Job—and many more.

Oh! yes, the Spring is here indeed,
And very soon a robe will spread
 Upon the naked plain ;
And very soon shall burst a song,
Delicious as the dreams of young
Enthusiasm, to prolong
 His bright and happy reign.

THE ENCHANTED GROUND.

I STAND upon enchanted ground—
When I survey the scene, around
 My own, my native shore—
When fragrance breathes on Prospect hill,
And silence bids the air be still,
 The matchless landscape o'er—
Oft on that hillock I have stood,
Musing in lonely solitude.

When sunrise o'er the ocean throws,
Upon its undisturbed repose,
 The glory of the day—
'Tis then a happiness to rise,
Ere morning has unveiled the skies,
 To see the rich display,
Of nature's fresco overhead,
And ocean bounding bay and mead.

But oh! 'tis mournful to behold,
That solemn sea, that sky of gold,
 Of so divine a hue—
And to reflect how soon the glow

Of all this pageantry and show,
Is shut from human view ;
Will be to him who now admires,
But funeral pomp and funeral fires.

'Tis sorrowful to contemplate,
How man so soon must meet his fate,
Among his leaves and flowers—
Must leave harmonious nature, clad
In all her pristine beauty—sad,
And counting out his hours,
Lingering, reluctant to depart,
From scenes entwined around his heart.

Why was the sea, and earth, and air,
Endowed with song and formed so fair,
And glorious to be seen ?
Why were the heavens inlaid with gems,
Brighter than princes' diadems,
And why the earth so green ?
Since man must see them but to die,
And leave the blest reality.

I'll climb the violet hills again,
Ere human life begins to wane,
And ere my eyes decay,
To gaze upon sweet nature's pride,
As lovers gaze upon a bride,
Torn from their grasp away—
A look of anguish, love and woe,
Hopes blasted, Edens overthrow.

THE ISLE.

THERE'S an isle, far off in the ocean,
A gem on the breast of the sea—
Oft memory, with fondest emotion,
Recalls in its brightness to me ;
There the orange trees blooming appear,
And the cocoa-nut drops from the trees,
And the paroquet sings all the year,
A song to the halcyon seas.

By its river, whose border discloses,
All the beauties of nature and art,
Love, hid in an ambush of roses,
His arrow first sent to my heart ;
The pearls on the side of that river,
Are the pearls of a tropical clime,
And the blossoms that drop in its quiver,
Are replaced in a moment of time.

The scene of that rose-scented river,
Is laid in the river of years—
But memory, while travelling over
It, wades through a valley of tears ;
For the beauty that bathed in its brightness,
And the sweetness that sat on its shore,
And the step, with its fairy-like lightness,
I shall see by its waters no more.

THE SUMMER OF INFANCY.

THOU art sporting, sweet summer, o'er valley and hill,
As musical, merry, and frolicsome still—
Basking in fragrance, and breathing perfume,
As when first we met in my childhood of bloom ;
But summer, sweet summer, thy gladness to me,
Thrills not as it did in my infancy.

The wreath on thy brow is as fresh as before,
The rose on thy cheek is as bright as of yore,
Thy song is as sweet—so the children at play,
In the height of their glee and their gamboling, say ;
But summer, sweet summer, thy beauty to me,
Glows not as it did in my infancy.

Thy voice is as dulcet, thy tones are as sweet,
And the dew is as deep on thy balm scented feet—
Thou art still the same, as I every day hear,
With a sigh of regret, and oft'times with a tear ;
Ah ! summer, sweet summer, thy music to me,
Sounds not as it did in my infancy.

Thy leaf is as green, and thy flower is as fair,
Thy smile as bewitching, as gladsome thine air,
As when our acquaintance in Eden began—
The Eden of childhood, the all left to man ;
But summer, sweet summer, thy flower unto me,
Blooms not as it did in my infancy.

Thy robes are as flowing, thy gems are as clear,
Thy looks as endearing and pleasant appear,

Thy paths are as scented, and peopled with joy,
As when I first roved an enraptured boy ;
But summer, sweet summer, thy features to me,
Charm not as they did in my infancy.

Thy morn is as ruddy, thy sun is as bright,
As when I first bathed in their halo of light—
The stars of thy heaven as resplendently glow,
As lovely, as mild, as benignant—but oh !
Summer, sweet summer, thy glory to me,
Shines not as it did in my infancy.

THE OLD FRIEND.

OH ! with what joy I met my friend,
The bosom friend of former years—
His wants how happy to attend—
I hardly could refrain from tears ;
I gazed upon his wrinkled face,
That absence gave a double charm,
I met his hasty close embrace,
And still I found his heart was warm.

I listened to his tale of care,
And gave it many a heartfelt sigh—
I spread before him all my fare.
And saw his swimming grateful eye ;
The happy scenes together planned,
When youthful hopes and passions burned,
Again o'er all the past were scanned,
And friend, long lost, again returned.

Misfortune had his path beset,
And want had entered at his door—
I heard it all without regret,
And loved him better than before—
For I could give him friendly aid,
And sympathise in all his woes ;
His every want a pleasure made,
A pleasure friendship only knows.'

I gazed upon his wasted form,
And took his withered hand in mine—
There time had beat his fiercest storm—
I saw the wreck in every line ;
What if the storm had known no calm,
And if the world should frown the while ?
For every blow I had a balm,
For every frown I gave a smile.

Oh ! Welcome was the friend I loved,
The honored friend of former days,
Who had his true affection proved,
Through all life's selfish, crooked ways—
Through praise and blame, through grief and pain,
Through fortune, and misfortune's blast—
How sweet to welcome him again,
How proud to honor him at last.

FORMER YEARS.

How beautiful the past appears,
Friend of my youth and by-gone years—
How sweet the memories it renews,
And gilds with its transparent hues ;

What happy moments we retrace—
As fancy roves from place to place,
And bids us drop delicious tears,
Over the scenes of former years.

Come, let us spend a fleeting hour,
To court the fragrance of the flower—
Come, since our lives to us remain,
Let's try to deem them young again;
The sweet deception we'll employ,
To have once more a thrill of joy,
While memory smiling through her tears,
Points to the sports of former years.

We'll bid a truce to pain and care,
And breathe the young untainted air—
We'll seek the early robin's song,
And listen to it all day long;
The happy hours we'll not regret,
Until the golden sun be set—
And when at last the night appears,
We'll sleep and dream of former years.

We'll wind the field and thread the grove,
And talk of heaven inspiring love—
That love that glads life's blotted scroll—
The brightest jewel of the soul;
We'll give that sentiment new birth,
That seemed an angel sent to earth—
And tell our hopes, and pains, and fears,
Just as we did in former years.

We'll build us castles in the air,
All loveliness and heavenly fair,—

No cruel doubt shall e'er betray,
The false foundation to the day;
We'll people them with birds that sing,
And all youth's gay imagining—
Such as we did with our compeers,
Companions of our former years.

Oh ! where are they ? the grave can tell,
The sea, the wide world, where they dwell—
But in our thoughts they still remain,
And we will call them up again ;
Come, spirits of the joyous past,
Rise from the heart's deserted waste,
Pay memory all thy long arrears,
Play-fellows of our former years.

THE MIDSUMMER'S DREAM.

THE harp of June hangs on the trees,
The vocal grove is still,
And save the humming of the bees,
And the grass-hopper's trill,
No music wanders o'er the vale,
To join the whistling of the quail.

The swallow twitters round his shed,
The martin is at rest,
The thrush his flow'ry dell has fled,
The oriole his nest ;
Silence has built his prison round,
And chained in fetters joyous sound.

Oh ! could I find some spreading tree,
Beside some river's flow,
To seek its shade, how willingly
My hasty steps would go—
Some murmur from its waters deep,
Might lull my weary soul to sleep.

How sweet, when hidden from the beam,
That melts me in its blaze,
Would be that calm midsummer's dream,
Of gladsome youthful days ;
Bright fancy's forms should flit around,
That green enchanted fairy ground.

And while the sleeper lay entranced,
Those forms might take the hue
Of that bright throng, who sung and danced
With him upon the dew—
And old acquaintance now no more,
Would make him happy as before.

Then he would murmur, "they are here,
Helen and George have come,
And Edward too, my friend so dear,
Oh ! haste and give him room—"
And many names would he repeat,
Whose pulses long have ceased to beat.

Such slumbers, he shall wish them long,
Whose-ever they may be,
That bring the beautiful and young,
Under his favorite tree—
The forms enshrined within his heart,
That death from him can only part.

SUSPENSE.

THERE is no misery that I know,
From which we have so poor defence,
That gives the heart a fiercer blow,
Than racking, raging, wild suspense ;
The wretched moments move so slow,
They seem to mock the aching sense.

Hope bids us battle with our fears,
And expectation chides delay—
Rumor a phantom light appears,
With doubts alternate and dismay—
Grief ploughs a channel for the tears,
Suspense forbids us weep away.

Fancy with sharp and searching eyes,
Attempts to aid where reason fails,
And winged improbabilities
Float round upon fictitious gales—
Truth hides away in deep disguise,
And wild uncertainty prevails.

With anguish long the heart contends,
Against emotions strong and deep.
Until the wounded spirit bends,
And human nature deigns to weep—
And now the fearful struggle ends,
And feeling takes a death-like sleep.

That calm, that sleep, that vacant stare,
The pale expression on the brow,

They are the sign of fell despair ;
I've seen it oft, I feel it now—
Poor mortal, lift your eyes in prayer,
She's gone to Heaven, to Heaven bow.

'Tis better far to know the worst,
While we have strength of mind and arm—
To meet misfortune's blast at first,
While we have power to breast the storm,
Than linger out a life accursed,
With fell despair in demon form.

TO DELIA.

WHEN first my heart began to bleed,
From Cupid's youthful bow,
I thought it very strange indeed,
The stream should run so slow.

No melancholy seized my breast,
No sorrow I could name—
My happy pulses beat at rest,
My love a constant flame.

But now, when time hath gathered store,
Of feeling and of pain,
The flood that ran so mild before,
Rushes in every vein.

The waves of passion o'er me roll,
An overwhelming sea.
And fill my heart, and drown my soul.
In their intensity.

Ambition, reason, prudence, pride,
Against the tempest form,
But all are swept before the tide,
Of the resistless storm.

The elements of passion rise,
Hope, jealousy, and fear—
In vain my struggling spirit tries,
My ship-wrecked heart to steer

I see the land in Eden's bloom,
The billows round it roar—
Oh ! save me from my fatal doom,
Thou angel on the shore.

JUNE, 1835.

Oh ! yes, again as it appears,
I'm deep in love up to the ears ;
Fine promises all broke so soon,
And deep in love again with June.

Ah ! she is beautiful indeed—
All flowers, without a thorn or weed ;
All smiles, with scarce a cloudy brow—
Come, lovely June, accept my vow.

I vow and promise while my days
Are lit by suns, to sing thy praise ;
While stars shall twinkle in the dew
For me—to be thy lover true.

I'll lay me on thy glowing breast,
When with the young twin daisies drest,
I'll lay me at thy rosy feet—
There is no couch for me so sweet,

My June, thy tresses are the trees,
That send their blossoms on the breeze—
Love's messengers—that they may bear
The tidings, thou art glorious fair.

Indeed, I love thee more than all
Thy sisters, that the birds recall—
So beautiful, and young, and gay,
You're more bewitching far than May.

Thy toilet, June, is ever made,
Beneath the forest's leafy shade,
Thy flowers are lovely, rural, wild,
And of each kind, the youngest child.

And when my June puts on her dress,
Let me attend, admire, caress—
Thy lover, poet, any thing,
But let me see, adore, and sing.

I do not know, my June, how long,
Thy praise shall be my annual song—
But last, I'd gaze upon thy face,
And then expire in thy embrace.

And then, my June, 'twill be thy turn,
To wreath thy flowers around my urn;
Ah! can my ashes then refrain,
To see, to live, and love again.

JUNE, 1836.

My lovely June, again we meet,
And I as fond, and thou as sweet ;
Though absent many a lingering day,
My love for thee knows no decay,
For I have vowed to thee before,
Each year to love thee more and more,

My June, I knew thy absence meet,
To gather flowers around thy feet ;
And garlands round thy brow so fair,
All for the new, rejoicing year—
How beautiful thy courtesy,
My queenly June, to earth and me.

I'll keep my rustic harp in tune,
Whilst thou art here, my merry June ;
I'll play for thee, the live-long day,
And in my dreams still seem to play—
I know no bliss, I'd not resign,
Could I but call thee ever mine,

Thy robe is of the waving green,
With sweetest flowers its folds between,
Where golden cups of spangled dew
Each morning's freshness doth renew—
Thy glowing beauties never fade,
And thou art gloriously arrayed.

The rosy cheek, the sparkling eye,
How soon they fade, how soon they die,

These sweet illusions soon depart,
And leave a blank upon the heart—
My June, thy leaf is never sere,
I deem thee lovelier every year.

I come, my June, to seek repose
Beneath the shadow of thy rose
To find—reclining on thy breast—
Lost peace, and purity, and rest ;
I come with confidence, e'en now,
Peace sits so dove-like on thy brow.

The hillocks and the vales rejoice,
To hear the music of thy voice ;
The fields are glad, the meadows sing,
To hear the rustling of thy wing ;
The birds to see thy beauty's blaze,
Burst forth in wild spontaneous praise.

When morn appears, in rosy light,
And draws the curtain of the night,
How beautiful thy face appears
Pillowed in calmness and in tears—
Like those that fill a maiden's eye,
Who dreams of love's first ecstasy.

Thy breath is fragrance, and thy tones
Play round the heart, like heavenly ones—
I heard thee speaking to the trees,
In the soft whispers of the breeze,
And saw thee kiss the flow'rets fair
With fragrant dew, for I was there

And I was jealous, thus to see,
Thy charms not lavished all on me—
Ah ! June, it gives me great distress,
Because I cannot all possess—
I love thee with such vast desire,
I deem thy charms could never tire !

I give thee thanks, my peerless June,
For granting me the precious boon
Of one more visit here below,
While pleasure smiles, and pulses flow—
My yearly tribute thus I pay,
Accept, sweet June, my humble lay.

JUNE, 1837.

AND hast thou come again, my June ?
So lovely and so opportune ;
With roses on thy merry cheek—
Hast come, my month of beauty, speak ?
In all the trees, in all the flowers,
In frolic winds, and fitful showers.

Speak in the murmur of the sea,
That leaps and bounds exultingly,
And in the tangled forest's shade,
Oh ! let thy melodies be played ;
That when I hear thy gentle voice,
My heart in rapture may rejoice

My rosy June, I fain would be
Linked to thine immortality,
Of green-side-hills, and gushing fields,
And the soft airs thy presence yields;
And ever by thy happy side,
Partake thy beauty and thy pride.

I'd sit by thee the live-long day,
And gaze eternity away;
For oh! if Heaven be made for me,
It must, my June, resemble thee.
Sweet maid, of loveliness and flowers,
How green and beautiful thy bowers.

Thy brow is wreathed with emeralds bright,
Enclosed in fields of green and light,
And on thy crest, a thousand gems,
Sparkle like heavenly diadems;
Thou art the loveliest child of song,
And all thy days are bright and long.

I come, my joy, to sup with thee—
Oh! let me breathe, and hear, and see—
Spread out thy banquet, and festoon
Thy glorious curtains, oh! my June—
Put on thy brightest robe and ring,
Thou art supreme in every thing.

Spread out thy carpet, for I fain
Would lie upon thy breast again,
And wind thy tresses round my head
Upon thy flower-embroidered bed—
I come, my June, to thy embrace,
I come!—I come!—prepare thy place.

JUNE, 1841.

My June, my lovely month of flowers,
With thee I've passed delighted hours ;
With thee I've sat and whiled away
Many a sweet and sunny day.
And thou art here again, and fair
As the isles of summer always are.

My June, I come to offer now,
The incense of my yearly vow :
My vow of admiration given
On thy green earth, beneath thy heaven,
I come, I come, my pearly June,
My harp to garland and attune.

I saw, with gladness, lovely May
Hand her sweet sister to the day,
Looking like some young joyous bride,
Her cheeks in morning's blushes dyed ;
I saw her wave her golden wing,
And bid a last adieu to Spring.

I threw myself before her feet,
The cherub visitant to greet ;
And Summer's drapery that she wore,
With sacrilegious hand I tore,
And her young roses did destroy,
For I was very wild with joy.

For she by forest, hill, and stream,
Had been my day and nightly dream—

For many a month of weary time
I'd waited for her morning hymn :
Once more I hail thy warm caress,
My month of joy and loveliness.

Thy day is bright, thy night is calm,
Thy song is praise, thy breath is balm,
Thy dress is roses dipped in dew,
Wild roses and wild lillies too ;
And thou art ever fair and young,
Sister to flowers, and child of song.

How many scenes dost thou recall,
I feel thy mantle o'er me fall ;
And every quick pulsation tells
Of fairy forests, fields, and dells—
The places where fond mem'ry strays,
To find some wreck of former days.

I come, I haste me to repose,
Beside thy fair young blushing rose,
To muse upon thy flowery reign,
And dream my raptures o'er again :
Again to thee my harp I tune,
Once more embrace me garland June

THE GROVES OF SUMMER.

DEEP amid the groves of summer I often hide away,
To listen to the murmur of the winds that in them play,
For they bring a sorrow ever to my bosom fondly dear,
Of the blissful days that never shall before me re-appear.

Such loveliness hath summer, and such stillness hath its scenes,
That with Bryant, Burns, or Homer, seated in its bowers of green,
It brings a soft illusion, when the waves of sorrow roll,
As I read the wild effusion of the poets burning soul.

I am coming, groves of summer, to view thy scenes again,
It may be some lovely charmer, thy enchantment may retain
Some resemblance of the flower on the breast of bright-eyed May,
I beheld but one blest hour, then was torn from me away.

I am coming, groves of summer, in thy shade to lie me down,
To dream of all the former bright illusion I had known :
'Neath thy green and flower-parted canopies to slumber o'er,
Scenes and seasons long departed, mem'ry only can restore.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

COME all ye noble souls,
Now the tide of freedom rolls
O'er the Irish, French, and Poles,
In a wave of victory.
Let us kindle up the fire,
That impelled each gallant sire

To defy the tyrant's ire,
On the fourth of July.

Come all ye gallant hearts,
Who have fled from foreign parts,
With your science arms and arts
Our soil to beautify ;
Come take us by the hand,
And together let us band,
In our free and happy land,
On this fourth of July.

We have sworn to be the foe,
Of oppression here below,
And to cause its overthrow
In the battle, or to die ;
Then come to our embrace,
In our hearts you'll find a place,
All the brave of human race,
On the fourth of July.

We have sworn to pay the debt,
That we owe the tyrant set—
And my boys, we'll do it yet,
For the time is drawing nigh ;
Then let us second France,
With our eagles in advance,
And our war-song boldly dance,
On this fourth of July

Awake the drum, and pour
Out the cannon's fearful roar,

Till it reach the despot's shore,
With our mingled battle cry ;
Till the subject world is freed,
We have volunteered to bleed,
And we'll solemnize the deed,
On this fourth of July.

Come all ye swelling hearts,
Who have fled from foreign parts,
With your science, arms and arts,
Our soil to beautify—
Let us with the sword in hand,
While we here together stand,
Swear to free your native land,
On this fourth of July.

TO A BROTHER SAILOR ON BOARD THE SHIP CAROLINE.

In a ship upon the sea,
There is one will think of me,
When he hears the tempest sigh,
And the sea-bird's warning cry,
When his vessel is in motion,
And the waters of the ocean,
Heave with anger, rave and roar,
He'll remember one on shore.

When the gannet skims the wave,
And the sea-dogs bark and rave,
When the flying fish in air,
From the dolphin leaps in fear ;

When the petrel flits and sings,
Dancing on her feet and wings,
When the surges curve and foam,
He will think of me and home.

When he sees the coral isle,
When he feels the tropic's smile,
When the porpoise under water,
Cross his vessels bow for slaughter ;
When the sailors tell and sing
Of their sweethearts—everything ;
Then he'll muse of one behind,
Often present in his mind.

When he sees the Portugee,
On his log far out at sea,
Or some mountain's top discries,
Burning in the smoky skies ;
When the ocean trembles under,
And the Heavens over—thunder !
Then a thought will cross his breast,
Of his home, in peace and rest,

When the trade winds waft him through
Isles, and seas, he never knew ;
When the equinox is past,
And the sails hang to the mast,
When the polar clouds appear,
In a sky as cold as clear—
When the northern star shall set,
He shall see, but with regret.

When the orange blossoms blow,
From the vales of Mexico,

On her gales of scented air,—
And the sea is smooth and fair,
When the mighty whale is nigh,
Spouting ocean to the sky,
And the boats are bid to lower,
He will wish himself on shore.

When the green Pacific isles,
Robed in Nature's sweetest smiles,
Bursting on his ravished view,
Dreams of Paradise renew ;
He will wish to linger long,
Round those sweet abodes of song,
'Till the thought of Liberty,
Call his mind to home and me.

When his loaded ship, her sail
Spreads unto the homeward gale,
And the happy tars rejoice,
They will often hear his voice,
Telling how before he sailed,
I had learnt him how they whaled ;
And those tars, with song and glee.
Sure will laugh at him and me.

LOVE.

WHEN love attacks the human breast,
It gives the heart nor peace nor rest,
Its pain and pleasure lie concealed,
A passion deep and unrevealed.

Its object, wheresoever found,
Ten thousand graces float around,
And charms about her form arise,
Unseen, unknown, to other eyes.

Love paints her cheeks, and curls her hair.
And waves it round her shoulders fair,
And round her person breathes perfume,
Sweeter than roses first in bloom.

Her voice is music's softest sound,
She stands upon enchanted ground,
And every garment that she wears,
The enchantment of her beauty shares.

To gaze upon her is a bliss,
Too great for such a world as this.
Her form presents a perfect whole,
Enchains and fascinates, the soul.

She speaks—'tis rapture to obey,
No potentate has half her sway,
She wants—her happy slave replies,
By daring earth, and seas, and skies.

Her smiles are hoarded in the heart,
As misers hoard a golden chart,
Which gives them access to a mine
Of wealth, they worship as divine ;

Yea, every smile is valued more
Than California's mount of ore,
And every sweet expression given,
Than angel gems sent down from Heaven.

WHAT BOOTS IT.

WHAT boots it where a man is born,
Upon this common world of ours ;
If he in wilds or mountains roam,
Or bask among the sweetest flowers.
How, if another faith be his,
Dare we his virtue to arraign,
By which he hopes a Heaven of bliss,
After his toil is o'er to gain.

He is a brother, be his birth
On Afric's sands or Iceland snows ;
He for a parent claims the earth,
For him, as us, its bounty flows ;
For him the groves of citron bloom,
For him the forest sweetly sings,
And to dispel the sultry gloom,
Its shade o'er sultry deserts flings,

For him the camel bears his load,
Through arid sand, and pathless plains,
Instinct the magnet on his road ;
To guide his feet and hold the reins ;
For him the bear his ægis throws
Over his unprotected form,
To guard him from the Shetland snows,
The Greenland frost, and Russian storm.

For him the sea in every clime,
A banquet to his table sends ;

For him the cocoanut and lime,
Prepare a dessert for his friends ;
Like a kind parent for its child,
Nature for all his wants provides,
If he be civilized or wild,
Protects, feeds, cherishes, and guides.

If Heaven be thus impartial, why
Should man be hostile to his kind,
At war with his own family,
Hateful, intolerant, and blind ?
The lesson taught us by the Lord
Of heaven and earth, should be obeyed,
It is to *bless*, in deed and word,
The creatures which his hand has made.

THE GALLANT MEN.—A SONG.

Oh ! they were gallant men,
And the flower of chivalry,
Who fought in olden time
For the price of liberty ;
They pillowed on the clods,
When the earth was hard and cold,
Their country's cause was God's,
And their hearts were strong and bold.

They marched with gory feet,
Their proud enemy to find,
The fierce Briton's sword to meet,
And they left their prints behind ;

And what though amid the strife,
The wounded soldier fell,
He rose again, his life
For his country dear to sell.

By each other they would fight,
By each other bravely fall,
And the gloomy winds of night,
Wailed the soldier's funeral ;—
A boon so nobly won,
Oh ! how prized it ought to be,
By every patriot son
Of those sires, that would be free.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN RODGERS, OF OYSTERPOND.

AND must we seek among the dead,
Who silent lie thy lowly bed,
And must that cheek so soon supply,
The worms retreat and revelry—
And late that eye that looked so fair
And bright, say, must it moulder there ?

Oh ! if thy spirit, conscious even
Of mortal tie, be now in Heaven,
Or if to earth it still repair,
A happy tenant of the air—
Accept the tear of friendship due,
To worth so dear, to friend so true.

The joyful spring will early spread,
Her beauteous mantle o'er thy head—
The bird will sing, the flow'ret blow,
Nor leave around thee trace of woe,
But all alike the wintry storm,
Or smiling nature's glowing form.

Thy hand shall ne'er remove the screen,
To view thy canopy of green—
To thee no sweet return of spring,
Shall odors waft or beauty bring,
For thee no bird shall mount the sky,
All lost its song and revelry.

But though no sound thy slumbers aid,
Nor orison or serenade,
And though the earth thy bosom press,
And cold thy form and motionless,
No murmur shall, nor e'en a sigh,
Disturb that sweet tranquility.

Age after age shall pass away,
Exult in glory, then decay—
All grasp their cup of fancied joy,
Then dash away the illusive toy,
With me, to sorrow o'er the fate
Of parent, child, or friend, or mate,

TO THE MEMORY OF HELEN FRANCIS, SISTER OF THE
AUTHOR.

AGAIN I hear the solemn sound,
Of Autumn moaning on the breeze—
Again behold the wreck around,
Of fallen verdure from the trees.

And mystic murmurs on the air,
Like spirits speaking in the wind,
Again they bid my soul prepare,
To leave this wretched world behind.

Nature is mourning for the smiles
Of summer, that have early fled—
Is weeping o'er the youthful spoils,
Decaying, dying, on her bed.

'Tis well, I'll listen to her lays—
It is my requiem that she sings—
Gone is the summer of my days,
Gone the sweet charmer of my strings.

When first we sung, all nature wore
A radiant beauty to our eyes—
No clouds or shadows hung before,
The glory of our paradise.

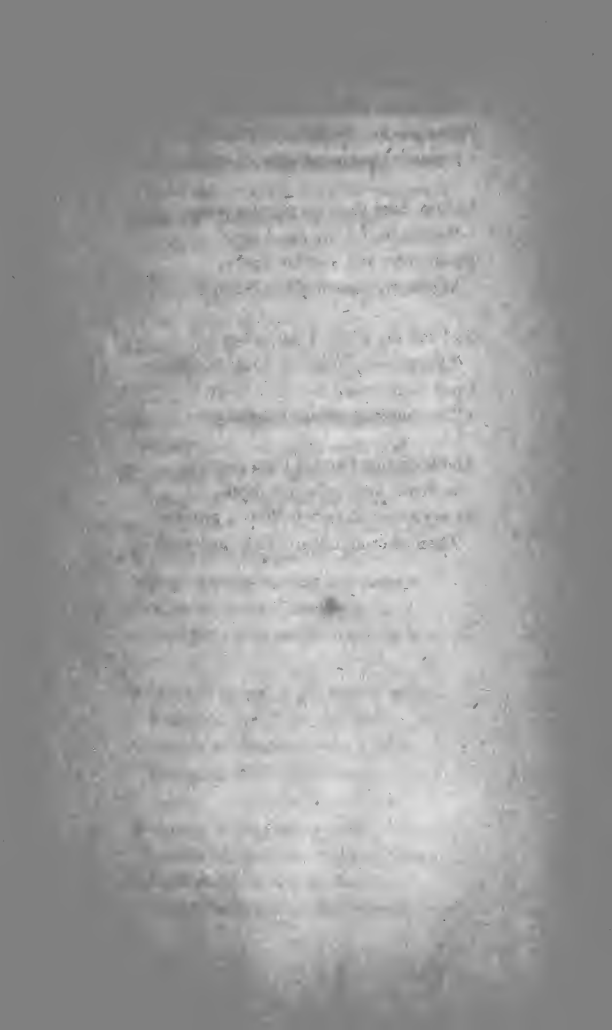
Weep on, sweet nature, weep with me,
And as thy pensive numbers move,
It is not meet that only thee,
Should mourn departed joys and love.

The one I loved the dearest, best,
Her lovely eye and cheek grew pale—
Sweet are her slumbers and her rest,
Beneath the rose of yonder vale.

Nature, hast thou prepared a place,
For me to rest my head upon,
To moulder and dissolve apace,
When my career of life is run ?

Oh! tell me where I am to lay
This broken, bleeding heart of mine—
Upon its mother's breast of clay,
The burthen gladly I'll resign.

And then this humble boon I crave,
In death forever let me dwell,
By my sweet sister's hallowed grave—
Then farewell nature, fare-thee-well.















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